# THE GIFT OF GENIUS

BEVERLEY R. TUCKER

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# THE GIFT OF GENIUS

BY

BEVERLEY RANDOLPH TUCKER

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO MY TWO SONS

WEIR MITCHELL TUCKER
AND
BEVERLEY RANDOLPH TUCKER, JR.

AS A PARTIAL ANSWER TO THEIR MANY INTERROGATIONS AND IN THE BELIEF THAT THE CURIOSITY OF YOUTH IS THE MOST PROVOCATIVE FACTOR OF MENTAL ATTAINMENT

# Preface

NO other persons have so attracted the attention of the world as have those possessing genius,—not even the great.

Many books and many articles have appeared which deal, in one way or another, with some genius as a personality or with the subject of genius in general. Occasionally an analysis of the personality of a genius from one or from several viewpoints has been attempted, and, more occasionally still, some definite attempt has been made to account for the appearance of genius in the human species. No satisfactory explanation, however, has ever been given of genius, either of the individual or of the group and it is probable that none can ever be given. But, because a subject is baffling is no reason why it should be avoided and probably each contribution, if it be an earnest and somewhat intelligent one, adds definitely to the understanding of it, if not to its solution. Therefore, from the more different angles of approach, and from the greater variety of the training and the inclinations of those making the approach, will proceed the better understanding.

For the production of the present book the

writer has no apologies to make. He may, at times, be inaccurate in his statement of fact, or incorrect in his deduction, or unwise in his selection of subject, or unfair in his dealing with the matter in hand and still be, upon the whole, provocative of adding something to the comprehension of the subject of genius and of stimulating further investigation, especially along psychological lines. No one will deny that the subject is fascinating.

In this book definite conclusions have, as far as possible, been avoided. No moral has been drawn. Bias and prejudice have not been countenanced. So-called authorities, except where they appealed to the writer's reason, have not been followed. The book is simply the result of gleaning as much information about each subject and each character as was permitted during the spare time of a busy life, with scant consideration of the ideas and opinions of others, and of applying in each chapter the writer's reaction to things as they were or as they seemed to be.

The book has been the writer's mental golf. He has enjoyed the game and feels better for the exercise.

*Richmond, Virginia.*
*March 1st, 1930.*

# Contents


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Preface | i |
| I. | Introducing Genius | 1 |
| II. | The Background of Genius | 9 |
| III. | Does Like Beget Like? | 17 |
| IV. | Does Education Answer? | 24 |
| V. | Genius and Conduct | 32 |
| VI. | Disease, Drugs and Genius | 38 |
| VII. | Man's Mental Levels | 46 |
| VIII. | King David the Cyclothymiac | 56 |
| IX. | Julius Cæsar—One of the Gods | 64 |
| X. | Leonardo da Vinci Smiles | 72 |
| XI. | Shakespeare, Nagged to Opportunity | 89 |
| XII. | Elizabeth the Flapper | 98 |
| XIII. | Catherine the Great—Malingerer | 108 |
| XIV. | Goldsmith the Tramp | 117 |
| XV. | Beethoven's Emotional Instability | 125 |
| XVI. | Napoleon the Lady | 135 |

CONTENTS


XVII. Burns' Inferiority Complex . . . 146

XVIII. Lord Byron's Reverse Reactions . . . 151

XIX. John Keats—Self-Made Poet . . . 157

XX. Shelley—Earth and Sky . . . . . 160

XXI. John Randolph of Roanoke—Wrecked by Romance . . . . . 167

XXII. Poe and His Œdipus Complex . . . 178

XXIII. Stonewall Jackson—In Three Parts . 186

XXIV. George Eliot—The Man and the Woman 200

XXV. George Sand—The Woman . . . 207

XXVI. Genius Versus Genius—Chatterton and Disraeli . . . . . 219

XXVII. Dealing in Personalities . . . . 227

XXVIII. Discussing Personality . . . . . 235

XXIX. The Gift of Genius . . . . . 244

# *The* GIFT OF GENIUS

## CHAPTER I

## Introducing Genius

THIS book consists of a trilogy—a prologue dealing with certain matters about which little is known, a brief consideration of each of many personalities about whom a good deal is known but about whom little is understood, and an epilogue which is largely conjectural.

We self-styled civilized people, from time to time during the process of the evolution of this civilization, have picked out certain individuals to exemplarize, to memorialize or to immortalize. We have, as one who contemplates may observe, been more often silly and foolish in the selection of our heroes than otherwise. Volumes have been written, and monuments and statues erected in every country, to the undeserving and to the soon-forgotten. Man has attempted to impose upon his posterity, by tradition, by tome, and by tomb,

many fools, thieves, murderers, prostitutes, tyrants, and cranks. Time, assisted by ignoramuses and propagandists, has not infrequently colored and atmospherized these false prophets and bad actors so as to elevate them, in the eyes of the susceptible and the easily illusioned hero-worshipers, into myths and even into deities.

It is as unwise for a generation to attempt to memorialize one of its own members as it is for them to believe *per se* what is told them *in memoriam* and in epitaph of a member of some past generation. Therefore, in this book which discusses the gift of genius no member of the living generations is dealt with and only those members of past generations are discussed (with the exception of Catherine II of Russia, who is included as an example of how a schemer may obtain the pseudonym of Great), who have largely contributed, in one respect or another, to some of the higher achievements of life.

Indeed, no definite plan has been followed in the selection of the personalities herein considered and they are presented, as nearly as possible, in chronological order. Nor has any selectivity been brought to bear, except that of variety, upon the mode of expression or upon the field of endeavor in which these personages may have become famous. It may be debatable whether or not some

of those treated are geniuses—the decision shall have to rest in the mind of the contemplator. Nor do the individuals presented represent, by any means, all of the geniuses of the world. It is to be hoped that they represent but a few, chosen at random.

In selecting for analysis the men who have shown genius many have to be discarded because of our lack of definite knowledge concerning their lives: Homer, Phidias, Confucius, and Rabelais, for example, and Ibn Thofaïl the great Arabian author who wrote philosophical descriptions of imaginary voyages, and *Autodidactus,* the story of a child supposed to have been thrown upon a desert island at his birth and who grew to manhood and came, of himself, to the knowledge of both man and God. Others, like Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, although frequently spoken of as geniuses, must be discarded because, however great and useful they may have been, they cannot, as we shall see later, be classified as geniuses. With others like Alexander the Great, Hannibal and Lincoln, the data in their biographies is so laudatory, or so condemnatory, or so twisted that to sift out the truth about them is well-nigh an impossible task.

In sorting out the great or the geniuses among the eminent women of the world great difficulties

are encountered. Because of their sex restrictions, their oppression in the past, and hence their lack of opportunities, fewer women than men have been known to show greatness or genius. Cleopatra, Nell Gwyn, Marquise de Pompadour, and the Comtesse du Barry were noted because of their fascination and their beauty. Their fame is due to the power of the mistress over men in exalted positions. And the greatest of these mistresses, even greater than Cleopatra, was Aspasia the mistress of Pericles. In contrast to this type of famous woman is Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi; Pocahontas, succorer of the colony at Jamestown; and Florence Nightingale, the soldier's angel of mercy. Among the women writers stand George Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, and Elizabeth Browning. Rosa Bonheur is almost alone the representative of the female in painting, Hypatia of Alexandria in philosophy and Joan of Arc in the art of war. Where woman has chiefly shone is in her capacity as a ruler. Among the greatest of these are Theodora, Empress of Rome and wife of Justinian, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici, intriguer and murderess, Maria Theresa and Queen Victoria. Curiously alone, as a woman of multiple gifts, stands Madam de Staël the greatest of woman revolutionists, a powerful and virtuous

salonist, a writer of no mean ability, a woman of such brilliant mind and wit that Napoleon decided to exile her rather than to cope with her.

A people is not as great as its average man but as great as its exceptional man. Great events are said to present great opportunities and, therefore, during the progress of these events more men of greatness and of genius are produced. This may sound reasonable upon the face of it but it hardly bears close inspection. In the first place great men have, as a rule, created the great events. Again, the World War, prodigious as it was, has put the present generation in a sad plight to point to greatness or to genius. Then the discovery of America, which was accomplished by the persistence of one illustrious man, was certainly a great event but it was followed, not by the production of greatness and genius but, for several centuries, first by Spanish looting and later by French and English oppressive colonization. Another great event was the opening of the Orient to the civilized world-powers but the chief effect for many years was the swapping of venereal disease for opium.

May it not rather be, if there is any period during which greatness and genius is produced in larger numbers, that there is a cyclic influence in human progress? The different ages of man have

followed each other with a curious rhythm from the Stone Age back and forth. There is a universal time-beat in the orchestra of the ages. The world has progressed by civilizations which have appeared and disappeared in various localities with peculiar recurrent regularity. There has been a tick-tock periodicity of the appearance, disappearance and reappearance of fads and fashions, of doubt and faith and of war and peace. In astronomy, in astrology, and in mathematics cycles follow cycles with startling exactness. In mineralogy, in forestry and in animal life occurrences, events and dates may be measured by the marks of periodic change. Periodicity is the rule which seems to regulate all things known from time to tide. When conditions are ripe for its appearance the seed sprouts, the season changes, the locust comes, the community is established, the warrior struts, the philosopher speaks, the artist paints or carves, the ruler reigns; then each dies out only to reappear in other sprouts, in other seasons, in other locusts, in other communities and in other marked personalities.

Recorded time is probably too short for us to apply cycles to the production of greatness and genius but Egyptian culture preceded "the beauty that was Greece" and this was lulled before it was followed by "the grandeur that was Rome."

Roman greatness ceased before the Arabs saved the better things of life during the Dark Ages. When the Arab became a wanderer the Renaissance appeared. The Renaissance was over for some time when the desire for liberty revolutionized Europe and America. Any one of these periods, of the sense of early culture, of beauty, of conquest, of learning, of art, and of freedom produced more illustrious men of genius than was produced by the great material events of all the centuries between.

In the present century materialism, industrialism, and organization have taken the place of spiritualism, idealism, and individualism. Hotels and apartments house us, closed motor cars conduct us, electric fans cool us, radiators warm us, plush cushions ease us, the telephone pays our calls, typists write for us, phonographs play for us, and we are bathed, shaved, and manicured. What profiteth it a man to be reared in infancy by a book, to have a nurse-maid escort him to a kindergarten, to be led to a play-ground where he is told what and how to play, to be sent to school and to college to be standardized and then, to be swallowed up by a corporation, to be restricted by fashion and convention and to have even his charities regulated for him? No great wonder he loses his sense of values!

The philosophical have become silent; the musician must compete with the pianola, the dramatist with the movie, the artist with the camera, and the scientist must work for some foundation. The advances of a previous century are now crowded into the space of a year. Situations have become so complex and opportunities are so laden with restrictions and handicaps that man is ceasing to meditate. Meditation is a mental vacation, a spiritual holiday, and a physical relaxation, and only from those who meditate may come the great man and the genius.

## CHAPTER II

# The Background of Genius

FOUR things affect, chiefly, a man's career, —heredity, environment, circumstance, and inner-urge.

As far as man's potentiality toward especial endowment is concerned heredity may, by one of several means, give him a stock transmitting highly qualified germplasm; the hereditary germplasm may be of uniform high quality, or he may possess one or several superior strains due to the inheritance of one or more dominant traits, or he may inherit a strain which harks back to some remote ancestor and which "crops out" in him, as it is said, or there may occur some peculiar combination or amalgamation of germplasmic elements which seem to act as the basis for a special proclivity in some particular direction.

It is said by learned authorities, if there really be learned authorities, that acquired traits or characters cannot be transmitted. This statement has caused much confusion because other authorities, like Lamarck, for instance, have thought otherwise. At any rate the statement should not

be, in my opinion, unqualifiedly accepted. It is true that the removal, through several generations, of the appendix or of the tonsils and the dwarfing of the feet of Chinese women for many generations do not affect posterity, but, on the other hand, webbed digits, both fingers and toes, which have been acquired somehow at some time may be inherited. The hereditary appearance of acquired characters must take a long period of time, but if we do not accept the transmissibility of these acquired characters or traits how then are we to account for the black skin and the wide nostrils of the Ethiopian, the red skin and the high cheekbones of the Indian, the white skin and the long skull of the Caucasian, the Grecian or the Roman nose, the Hapsburg lip, the tendency among certain families toward hardiness and longevity and among others toward circulatory deficiencies and short lives, the pigmy or the giant races, musical or mathematical talents, the emotionalism of the Celtic, the phlegmatism of certain Asiatics or for innumerable other things? Unless the probability of the inheritance of acquired traits is accepted it would seem that the whole fabric of evolution in its broad sense, physical, social and mental, must fall to pieces. In fact, it would rather seem that the original germplasm was not static, that its

traits could not remain static, that staticism is opposed to evolution and that from the beginning all traits have gradually been acquired by the germplasm. This idea is not in any way opposed to a disbelief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics through so comparatively short a period in the process of evolution as one or two hundred centuries. It may be possible that the inheritance of some characters or traits takes a longer or shorter period than it takes in others and that certain circumstances, conditions or combinations may occur which lengthen or shorten the time of their transmissibility.

A man's environment may be ready-made for him when he enters this world but it frequently changes with kaleidoscopic rapidity when he does enter. Whatever the environment is, the average individual is likely to be enveloped by it and to float with it but the exceptional or superior individual may accept its advantages and discard its disadvantages or be able to escape from it either physically or mentally. One effect or another of the environment may lead or direct the individual in this way or in that and hence it may emphasize or suppress one or more qualities or accomplishments but environment, although it may modify expression, can not create traits. An average man

may adapt himself to his environment or change his environment or escape to a certain extent from his present environment by meditation or by abstraction, but it takes a superior or exceptional man to escape from his environment and then, through art, to express his escape.

Man can live at the equator or in the arctic circle, either as a matter of chance or of choice. Being physically at the equator, man can live mentally, for a time at least, in the artic circle or the reverse. More than this, man may live for a time by mental projection in any country, among any peoples, at any period of the world's history. Shakespeare, although in all probability he never left England, was able to make remarkable escapes both in time and place and his genius lay in the recognition that such basic characteristics as love, hate, jealousy and fear regardless of date or place were universal, in his profound and uncanny knowledge of the action and results of these characteristics upon human behavior and in his ability to express these things, in poetic drama, for all peoples for all time.

An escape from environment is not of necessity confined to this world, and man, like Shakespeare in *The Tempest,* may live among the spirits, like Shelley, in the sky, like Cabell in Poictesme, like

Homer among the gods, like Dante in hell or like Poe in either heaven or hell. Still, at bottom, man's feet are of clay and of the clay from which he sprang. Wherever man goes in his escape, his heredity, and his past or present environment subconsciously influence him, and are pictured in his expression. Even in the escape of death we are taught to believe that man carries these influences with him and although we may not believe this we must believe that his reaction to his heredity and to his environment during life reverberates on earth through time. A man goes to his God and this God is pictured to his mind as a human being, he goes to hell and finds there a personal devil with a familiar animal's horns and tail, in heaven there are golden streets and chariots, and angels with the wings of a bird, in the inferno there are mountains and pits, fire and brimstone and "gnarled and knotted trees." Environment, then, may color the expression of man's traits even though it can not create them.

Circumstance may give an individual an opportunity to develop some known existing trait or characteristic or it may bring out and emphasize and enable an individual to lift high some heretofore hidden trait. Influence, chance, or luck may give one power, position or opportunity, but the individual must possess something else to be able

to take and to maintain the advantage these things give; he cannot of himself create superability, greatness, or genius for these are inherent qualities. A war only gives an opportunity for potentially great soldiers to make themselves known, a political crisis only develops those who already have the seed of leadership planted in their particular soil and a renascence only allows those who are already artists to express their art. Of course there are false gods, false prophets, and false geniuses, but these are always submerged by the tide of time. It may be true that "full many a flower is born to blush unseen," but it is also true that one "cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

There is something else, more intangible and defying definition, that has to do with trait expression which might, for the want of an appropriate term, be called the inner-urge. But even with a genius, this inner-urge may be present and no expression may become manifest. Some thoughts are too great or too high for written or spoken language, some conceptions are too colossal or too delicate for picturization and some ideas are too vast or too intimate for expression through any known medium, hence genius is limited. Who has defined love, who has painted light, who has sculp-

tured God, who has given us perpetual motion, who has sung the song of the spheres, who has shown us a livable Utopia?

The inner-urge may lie dormant, unknown, unsuspected, unbelievable and then some circumstance, some stimulus may awaken it to take full possession of the individual. Stonewall Jackson, "Old Fool Jack" as the cadets called him, slumbered in an inconspicuous position at the Virginia Military Institute; Shakespeare frittered away his time in Stratford; David tended his father's sheep; Goldsmith hoboed his way through Europe; and then something happened that awakened the inner-urge in these men and they were lifted out of themselves,—out of the dark came the light, out of the cocoon came the butterfly, out of the seed came the flower.

As in Mozart and in Chatterton the expression of the inner-urge may be present early, or as in Rabelais and in De Maupassant it may appear later, or it may act almost continuously as in Pasteur and in Cæsar, or it may come and go as in Poe, or it may act for a long period and then cease as in Shakespeare, or it may flare for only brief expression as in Gray.

What influences this inner-urge toward self-expression is hard to say. Opportunity and crises may appear to do so, alcohol and drugs have little

if any bearing, hardship and sorrow may have an effect, illness and disease are sometimes factors but some day, I am convinced, it will be shown that the real explanation lies in the effect of any of these stimuli, through occult pathways, upon the body chemistry of the individual, possibly through the endocrine or ductless glands.

## CHAPTER III

# Does Like Beget Like?

IN the background of genius lies, like a huge Chinese puzzle, the question of heredity. It would seem that cultured ancestry of good hereditary stock has produced in proportion to the numerical smallness of its class a larger proportion of the world's great than has the population in general. But good or eugenic birth is by no means essential and even the lower strata of society has given the world many of its illustrious men, while, on the other hand, many a tall and spreading family tree has produced no particularly fine and much bad or inferior fruit.

Among those who have attained fame, and whose ancestry on neither side, by known atavism or otherwise, gave any promise of talent in the descendants, and whose families had no eugenic, social, or cultural background of which to speak, and whose fathers followed the following occupations are: Raphael, father a small merchant; Rembrandt, father a small miller; Garibaldi, father a small merchant; John Bright, father a small merchant; Robert Burns, father a small

farmer; Sir Isaac Newton, father a small farmer; Thomas Carlyle, father a mason; Tom Moore, father a grocer; Dickens, father a clerk; Renan, father a sailor; Alexander Pope, father a small linen merchant; Wolsey, father a small wool merchant; Livingstone, father a tailor; Southey, father a linen draper; Shakespeare, father a glover; Molière, father an upholsterer; Sir Francis Drake, father a sailor; John Bunyan, father a tinker; Andrew Jackson, father an Irish immigrant; De Foe, father a butcher; Lincoln, father a shiftless carpenter; Keats, father a liveryman; Kant, father a stropmaker; Pierre Caron, father a watchmaker; Tieck, father a ropemaker; Winckelmann, the archeologist, father a cobbler; Chatterton, father a sexton; Pasteur, father a soldier; Faraday, father a blacksmith; Martin Luther, father a miner; and Edmund Spenser, father a journeyman clockmaker. Nor can much more be said of the ancestry of Poe, Lord Nelson, Darwin, Thackeray, Samuel Johnson, Sir Robert Peel, Benjamin Franklin, and a further list as long as a dictionary.

Then, too, many of the world's great have come from definitely defective heredity. Byron's father was "mad Jack Byron" and his mother was an abnormal personality subject to tantrums;

Schopenhauer's father and grandfather were insane, as indeed he became himself; Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of the degenerate and, according to McLauren, luetic Henry VIII, and of the immoral Anne Boleyn; Keats' mother was silly and had tuberculosis; William Pitts' father was a ne'er-do-well; and Johann Kepler, the great astronomer's father, was practically a mentally defective tramp.

Illegitimacy has marked the birth of many of the world's most illustrious men, and criminality, worthlessness, tuberculosis, immorality, and drunkenness are not infrequently found among the ancestry of the great.

Neither Lamarck's doctrine that evolution takes place through the inheritance of acquired characters nor Mendel's law of proportionate inheritance between the normal and the defective hold good with genius and also not, indeed, with greatness. Lamarck's doctrine where it has been accepted is generally applied with a few possible exceptions, to so long acquired characters that they have become racial, and Mendel's law, while applicable to botanical variants, becomes much less precise with the lower animals and is wholly inadequate and misleading when applied to the human species. The effect, alone, of birth injury in man hopelessly confuses

Mendel's proportions. Mendel's law is frequently stretched and misinterpreted. Those who believe in the infallibility of these Mendelism proportions as, for instance, they have been applied to the Edwards and Jukes families in America to explain their good and bad descendants respectively, will do well to read Clarence Darrow's article in a recent issue of the *American Mercury*. On the other hand, far be it from me to say that human stock upon the average may not be bettered by proper mating and careful breeding. It may. But here we are not speaking of the elevation of the plane of the average, nor of the attainment of ordinary social or professional eminence, but of the exceptional—the illustrious and the genius. It may be that Emerson's essay on *Compensation* is of more value in the explanation of genius than Mendel's law. We have never scientifically bred, nor shall we ever breed, genius.

Although genius exhibits a paramount talent or trait, genius conforms to no rules of heredity or of eugenics. Genius may be the highest artistic expression of the race, providentially exhibited, in one endowed individual, but that sounds rather fanciful to me. Genius is certainly not due to recent ancestrally acquired characteristics for the fact that a man's father is a stone-cutter is not

sufficient reason to believe that he will be a sculptor. Genius does not beget genius.

It is hard to believe that genius is a sport and simply happened without rhyme or reason. The theory of mutation is also confusing, whether we consider mutation as a change in the germplasm or a change in a Mendelian factor. It may be that the inheritance of two similar factors amalgamating and reinforcing each other may, in certain instances, have something to do with genius but here, also, we merely guess. Inbreeding, it would seem, should, in this instance, produce these reinforced traits, but we have no evidence of inbreeding producing genius. It is more likely that there is a chance combination of elements in the germplasm that tends toward the exaggeration of a trait or, even though the germplasm is not modified, an interaction of combined potential traits may occur which takes on the appearance of a new character. Whatever the mechanism may be, it is not likely that the trait produced will lie dormant but it is almost a surety that the individual although he may not become known to the world, will find some method of expression for his talent rather than bury it. Indeed, possessing it, the possessor has an inner-urge and impulsion, even against the most adverse circumstances, to express it. The idea that there are and have been

a number of "mute Miltons" is truly poetic, though "inglorious" they may be.

One can never tell when, or from what soil, the flower of genius will spring and when it does appear it appears singly. Twins of the same sex who closely resemble each other do not have just the same mental caliber and a precisely similar mental range, and even in twins as much alike and as closely attached as the Siamese twins there is considerable mental, emotional, and selective difference. When we leave the consideration of twins, mental similarity becomes biologically very elusive and the possession of greatness in brothers and sisters and other relatives becomes the exception rather than the rule. This does not apply to trades or to ordinary professional attainments for here environment and suggestion play a great part. The personal appearance of two or more members of a family may be very similar, but the contents of their caskets may vary from dross to gold. Or the caskets, like those in the *Merchant of Venice,* may be of the same mould but of different material and the leaden casket may hold the precious prize.

Thomas Jefferson appeared to have had very little, if any, superficial humor, but he struck a deep vein when he wrote that all men were cre-

ated equal. The literal interpretation of this statement has led the ship of state into many a squall, several times stranded her upon shoals and once nearly wrecked her upon a reef, while her crew has been batted from poop to forecastle endeavoring to find themselves.

## CHAPTER IV

# Does Education Answer?

IF we can not account at all for genius or definitely for greatness by heredity or by chance environment the question arises can we manufacture these products by education? It is interesting therefore, as well as enlightening to consider what influence early education and school standing have had upon the accomplishments of men who have, for one reason or another, attained fame. Is the aphorism, that the boy is the father of the man, true? Can it be possible that the model student becomes so restricted by his conformation to book knowledge and to school régime that his initiative force is dissipated and his originality antidoted? Can a school dullard achieve adult brilliancy? Does school grading grade the child's mentality? Do college entrance examinations shut out or let in those of the highest mental potentiality? These and many other questions arise in one's mind when the school success of eminent men, of great men, and of geniuses is investigated.

Among notable men whose educations have been very brief and incomplete are John Bunyan,

Marshal de Vouban, Faraday, the great scientist, Marshal von Blucher, General Nathan B. Forrest, Lord Nelson, who had no schooling after twelve years of age, Copernicus, who had "scant training in a lower school" and many others. Those who were irregular in their attendance and studies at school include Poe, Rousseau, Cowper, Montague, Robert, Hans Andersen and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Some of those who were poor students were Cervantes, who at twenty-one was still a student at the city school in Madrid; Grant, who graduated in the lower half of his class at West Point; "Stonewall" Jackson; Rembrandt; Cortez; Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist; Ben Jonson, of whom it is said that "his M.A. at Cambridge was due to the favor of the university and not to his success with his studies"; Liebig, the great German chemist; Napier, the mathematician and inventor who went to the University of St. Andrews but took no degree; Sir Robert Walpole who at Eton was "naturally indolent and disliked application"; Balzac, who was poor at mathematics and had "no aptitude as a scholar"; Washington Irving, who was poor at mathematics, and not a good student as a boy; Prescott, the historian, who made little progress at school but did well at college; the great Darwin, who was considered "an ordinary boy rather below the

common standard of intellect"; Agassiz, the naturalist, who was poor at mathematics and "not on a level with his class"; Lord Lytton, who blundered in mathematics and of whom his teacher thought "love of pleasure may ruin his character"; Carlyle, who in Edinburgh "in clasics and phylosophy made practically no headway"; Alexandre Dumas, who was poor in Latin and in mathematics; Francis Bacon, who was said to have been a "medium scholar," and who showed contempt for methods of education; Shakespeare, who knew "small Latin and less Greek"; Charles Dickens, who at the academy "showed no indication of future literary ability"; Disraeli, who said of himself that he "never could reach the first class and was not eminent even in the second"; Benjamin Franklin, who failed in arithmetic but mastered it later; Gibbon, who was said to have been "desultory in study" and to have spent his time at Oxford "idly and unprofitably"; Daniel Webster, who entered Dartmouth at fifteen "miserably prepared in Latin and Greek"; George Sand, who was not interested in mathematics; Walter Scott, who refused Greek and who was reported from time to time as "behind his class," "doing inferior work" and "poor at history"; Tennyson, who "did not stand high in his class"; Pope, who "made little progress at school"; Mirabeau, the

orator who "outside of mathematics accomplished practically nothing" at school; Robert Fulton, who "did not distinguish himself at school"; and Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist and writer who was "usually behind his school-fellows."

But the climax is not yet reached. Among those who were exceptionally dull or iconoclastic in school were Thomas Chatterton, who was "at first a confirmed dullard," and later "carried all before"; Chateaubriand, the famous French author who passed in school as "a scapegrace, a rebel, a drone and finally a dunce"; James Watt, the inventor who was "mentally dull"; Dean Swift, who failed of degree "for dulness and inefficiency," and who said himself he had "the education of a dog"; Fontaine, who was spoken of as "a well disposed but hopeless dunce"; Clive, of whom McCauley said at school he was "a dunce if not a reprobate"; Hogarth, who said of himself "blockheads with better memories surpassed me"; John Hunter, the famous English physician, who was said to be "impenetrable to everything in the form of book learning"; Oliver Goldsmith, whose school-mistress said "there never was so dull a boy"; William Warburton, the prelate and critic, was dubbed "the dullest of all dull scholars"; and Thackeray, who "never rose high in school," was "lazy and an idle, profligate, shuffling boy."

It would almost seem that it were easier for "a camel to pass through the eye of a needle" than for a smart, high-standing schoolboy to gain a place in the world's Hall of Fame. In fact, one wonders if those who have gained this place have not filled their niche in spite of, rather than because of, their school record. A trained flea can do tricks that an untrained flea can not perform, but, on the other hand, he can only hop on a piece of green cloth and he can only suck the blood of his master's arm. Robert Burns' best schooling was behind a plow, where he trampled upon a daisy and accidentally killed a field mouse, but these petty tragedies taught him to make the daisy, the mouse and himself immortal. Sir Isaac Newton's best teacher was an apple-tree that bore fruit. The sea taught Conrad. Some peasants and a harvest field near his home were Millet's best instructors. Patrick Henry was indeed a poor student and he was cramped in the schoolroom but when he sought larger quarters and took his rod instead of his books and lay on the grass by the side of the brook and looked into the sky, meditation taught him words which resounded around the world louder than the cannon's roar and brought him and his country liberty.

Education, of course, like most widely organized things has its usefulness, but education itself

sadly needs education. It needs to learn that its hours are too long, its subjects too numerous, its courses too unselective, its grading too exact, its examinations mostly farces, its teaching too collective, its books too stupid, its rules too inelastic, its methods too hidebound and didactic, its aims too definite, its style too cramped and its teachers too much taught, too anemic and too under-paid. Like the game of bridge, if one fails to follow the rules of Mr. So and So then one is no player. These rules hold except when, occasionally, Mr. So and So changes his rules and sells a new edition of his book and then one's game also changes.

The creative mind, the mind of the genius, has even greater difficulty in following school education, with rare exception, than the mind of the potentially eminent, and Gray had genius in mind when he wrote the lines beginning, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." It would be interesting to know how many geniuses have been killed by three things—standardized education, unappreciative parents and the merciless hand of the law. It may be that more have been unintentionally slaughtered than are known to have existed. The back-hand lick may be more dangerous than the straight blow, the boomerang than the arrow.

Higher education is more advanced, of course,

than school education, but is it on a higher plane? Students in this country of many of the higher educational institutions are selected from the gradings of the schools plus some form of entrance examinations. The school gradings are, to say the least, poor criterions of the student's mental capabilities and college entrance examinations are even worse. The college career itself is not a good index of the future attainment of the student. When an American boy goes to college, he contracts, unwittingly, the obligation of being dunned the balance of his life for the support of his Alma Mater. One would like to know if the majority of these contributions have been subscribed by the alumni who, in college, stood among those in the upper half of the classes or by those who stood in the lower half? The colleges and universities could spend some of this alumni money, possibly to advantage, by making an investigation, say twenty-five years after the students have left college, and I would not limit it to graduates, to ascertain, unprejudicedly, the standing in the world of those who graduated low in its classes or who failed of graduation. Such an investigation would go far toward estimating what the college has done for college men.

Recently some have advocated certain intelligence tests of college applicants with the view to

predicting their career. This method may eliminate a few defectives but such tests are untrustworthy for the adolescent and the adult and are thoroughly unreliable when applied to those taking professional courses. In one medical college the best tests obtainable were applied to a freshman class and the result compared with the class standing of these students after three years. The correlation was only thirty per cent. To attempt, which has been done, to ascertain the intelligence quotient of geniuses or other great men by applying intelligence tests to the statements in biographies of their school progress, is an unrecompensing task. Equally good examiners have frequently varied from twenty to forty points in the intelligence quotient when this method has been attempted. To try to grade greatness, as has been done, by counting the number of times a name appears in various encyclopedias is futile.

Regardless of mental tests or of school standing, for those who even remotely appear to have one talent and are obsessed with the desire to use it the usual curriculum should be adjusted. Indulgence rather than discipline should be given these students and everything possible should be done to foster their talent. We might try, instead of thwarting the prospective genius, letting him have his fling.

## CHAPTER V

# Genius and Conduct

IF we let genius have its fling in education what relationship has genius to the ordinary rules of conduct? Convention, the mass expression of expediency, has no hold upon genius, for genius is anything but expedient. Genius is born unbound. Rebellion is the pillar of fire that genius follows. The great, on the other hand, rise in spite of bonds, breaking many of them and carrying others. But giants still lie bound by the Lilliputians.

Conduct is the individual's reaction, in accordance with his health and personality make-up, to the conventions, the situations, and the vicissitudes of life. If these reactions coincide with the customs and opinions of the period and place in which the individual lives then his conduct is said to be good; if these reactions are opposed to the customs and ideas of his day and of his country the individual's conduct is said to be bad.

Irregular conduct, misbehavior and crime may be due to inherent departure from the usual in the matter of body chemistry, or of brain and nerve

conformation or they may be due to injury, to disease, to physiologic disorder, or to circumstances. Hence only that biography or life history of the individual which takes these matters into consideration can give any sort of explanation of the reasons for the conduct of an individual. A man without ambition, whose body-chemistry and organs are working routinely and whose environment is cloistered or protected deserves no possible credit for good behavior. In truth, such conduct should not be designated by the term "good," it is simply ordinary behavior under existing circumstances. It is the man with desires, with conflicts, with impulsions, with temptations, with disease, who has to make the fight to conform and who, whether or not he fails in this fight, gives the world something beautiful or otherwise worthwhile that deserves the credit. Like François Villon he may be, in the world sense, bad, but the world is better for his having lived.

Inherent departures from the usual in body-chemistry or in the brain and nerve tissue conformation account for those conduct disturbances due to heredity. Undesirable traits may be inherited along with desirable ones. Out of inherited body-chemistry and inherited brain and nerve tissue conformation grow emotional instability, defective personality, wanderlust, thirst for

power, cruelty, cunning, and many other direct and collateral traits which are just as inheritable as the Hapsburg lip.

Due to injury to the brain at or after birth is the irregular conduct of many. Birth injury from hemorrhage into the brain doubtless accounted, to some extent at least, for some of the peculiarities of behavior in Dean Swift and in Lord Byron. The hydrocephalus of Beethoven, Poe and Daniel Webster belong to the same general class and it may have had something to do with the behavior characteristics of these gentlemen. A blow upon the head during childhood, severe enough to cause injury to the frontal lobes of the brain, may cause personality changes and conduct disturbances.

In consideration of disease as a cause of behavior disturbances it is well known, for instance, that tuberculosis in the early stages may be the cause of hypersexuality and, in old age, inflammation of the prostate gland may cause sexual difficulties. Hypersexuality also marks certain cases of disease of the thyroid and of the pituitary glands. It is odd to note that if disease of these glands causes decreased sexuality the conduct of the individual is not considered evil by the general public, in fact it may be considered exemplary, but if the same or some other disease condition causes an increased sexuality then the individual is con-

demned. Venereal disease may greatly change the conduct of an individual. Brain tumor, brain hemorrhage, and brain disease, or infective or toxic disease of any of the important organs may cause an individual to behave in a manner foreign to his behavior in health. It is striking to observe how many individuals possessing genius have been the victims of various diseases.

Physiological disorder of any of the body systems or of many of the organs may induce marked aberration of behavior. This is so well recognized that we speak of a choleric person being so because of a disordered liver; that we expect those with chronic intestinal disorder to be crotchety; that we use the word spleen to describe a certain venomous state. Individuals, toxic with sinus and various other infections have committed all sorts of conduct irregularities and even crimes. Conduct disturbance has also been noted following meningitis and encephalitis. And disease of the mind, insanity, may cause any form of misbehavior from impoliteness to murder.

Physiological disturbance at the time of puberty, pregnancy and menopause have caused individuals not only to sow a few wild oats, hate their husbands, or commit suicide, but they have led to still more grave affections of behavior.

One's reaction to circumstance has much to do

with one's behavior. If the circumstances are such that an individual becomes involved in a situation which is intolerable, or which he thinks is intolerable, and out of which there is no escape, or out of which he thinks there is no escape, he may react with prayer or rebellion, he may resort to profanity, theft, desertion, divorce, drink, suicide, murder, or cannibalism. Circumstances causing a situation which seemed intolerable made Bunyan write *Pilgrim's Progress,* while, on the other hand, it made Shakespeare desert his wife and children, made Napoleon divorce Josephine, drove Chatterton to commit suicide, drove Poe to his last debauch, induced Charlotte Corday to murder, and so on up and down the line. Illegitimate conception, voluntary or involuntary, might make very little difference to one woman but it might drive another to infanticide, another to suicide, or still another to prostitution.

Genius is never smug, satisfied, sanctimonious or Babbittry. Genius is uncomfortable, rebellious, free-thinking and improvident, but genius is lovable. Most geniuses have grievously misbehaved in one way or another. These errors of conduct have, generously, been attributed in some instances to an artistic temperament and the errors of conduct have been condoned, at least after the genius has made a reputation but more frequently after

he is dead. Ofttimes, however, geniuses have been greatly misunderstood and mistreated, both the quick and the dead.

Taking it all in all, misbehavior, sin, and crime are largely not so much religious or legal problems as they are medical problems. But what would the religious exhorter and the prosecuting attorney have to lick their chops over if the doctor should snitch these choice morsels from their mouths and substitute treatment for punishment? Could the exhorter live upon the love of God and upon the love of his fellow man alone? How could the prosecutor hold his job if the judge should mete out justice based upon science as well as upon law? How about the executioner and the devil? Could the world get along without these charming personages? And, I almost forgot, prison and hell would have to go; would the good people of the earth be willing to forego these delightful resorts? Could we carry on? All of these punishers and places of punishment would have to go if the doctor should take the sinner under his wing.

## CHAPTER VI

# Disease, Drugs and Genius

HAVING forgiven genius for its irregularity of conduct and believing that conduct disturbance is not necessary to or confined to genius what shall we say of the relationship of disease and drug-taking to genius? Some have appeared to believe that disease or drugs have, in certain individuals, created genius or have, at least, elevated the expression of their genius.

Poor health, physical or mental, occurs with such frequency among those who possess greatness or genius that it is difficult to determine what bearing, if any, it has upon their attainments. Did tuberculosis affect the writings of Spinosa, Keats, or Robert Louis Stevenson sufficiently to account for their extraordinary qualities? Did the chronic intestinal troubles of John Randolph of Roanoke, Henry Fielding, and Frederick the Great contribute to their peculiar qualities of greatness? The same question might be asked of those who had syphilis or nephritis. In regard to these constitutional diseases it may be fairly stated that they

have never been the cause of genius, nor is there evidence that they have, of themselves, heightened the quality of its expression although they may have had a quantitative effect and it is conceivable that, at times, they may have influenced the direction that genius has taken.

Much has been made of the epileptic convulsions of Caesar and of Napoleon, but the occurrence of convulsions appears to have had little or nothing to do with the expression of genius in either of them. Epilepsy may, however, have influenced certain of the personality peculiarities of these men and may have deteriorated them mentally before their time.

To argue that alcohol or opium may create or heighten the expression of genius is untenable. Many of the world's great, and others, have drunk to excess or have been drug habitués. Alcohol only made Poe mentally and physically sick and Daniel Webster simply more talkative. De Quincy wrote better when he was not under the influence of opium. Opium has been given as the cause of Coleridge producing *Kubla Khan* and *Crysabel,* but Keats wrote the *Eve of St. Agnes* and *Lamia,* poems similar in many respects, without taking opium.

It is probable that alcohol and opium are taken at times by those showing genius only as a means

of escape by the oblivion these drugs may give from the common humdrum of existence and for the obtunding sensory satisfaction they create. If a habit for these drugs is formed the general rule for all habits is applicable. This rule is, briefly, that a habit, good or bad, is formed as an expression of dissatisfaction with things as they are, combined with a desire on the part of the individual to better his condition. The choice of the means to obtain this bettering may show poor judgment and lead to disaster, but the rule still holds true.

It has been thought by many that certain stimulants, strychnine, *cannabis indicae* and caffeine heighten the expression of brain power but this also, I submit, is not true. It is perfectly conceivable that these and other drugs may quicken thought and thus shorten, temporarily, the length of time taken for brain work but nothing is created, nothing is elevated. And then, soon or late, with all drugs, there comes the period of reaction with reversion of effect, and, in continuous drug taking, there is reached a point of ineffectuality or of intolerance. One of the greatest of living writers drank coffee (caffeine) to extreme excess. It was said of him that he could not write as he did write without this stimulus. For some reason he practically discontinued his coffee but, neither

the character nor the quality of his writing changed.

Certain constitutional diseases give rise to a toxic condition which may affect the personality and conduct of the individual. For instance, a man with chronic dysentery may become disagreeable, antisocial, a misanthrope, or even a suicide or a murderer. The intoxication of alcohol, opium, or other drugs may, at times, cause similar manifestations as may, also, the individual's reaction to such intolerable situations as poverty or domestic unhappiness. All of these things may color or even direct the line of work of genius but that is far from saying or believing that the mental output of genius is heightened by them or that anything is created. Neither does it necessarily follow that the color of or the line of work is largely interfered with. Samuel Johnson had, from childhood, infected glands of the neck, a chronic habit spasm of the muscles of the face, nephritis with evidently high blood pressure, fears and obsessions and periods of marked depression of spirits but he kept on with his great dictionary, weighing his definitions, with a mind apparently uninfluenced by disease.

When we get into the discussion of serious mental derangement we cannot speak with very great positiveness. Although I agree that no insane per-

son in whom mental deterioration has begun can produce really great literature or art, still one cannot be so certain that hallucinations and delusions have not, at times at least, heightened the expression of genius and they may have had something to do with the creation of the character of such expression. Schopenhauer's melancholic delusions formed the basis of his philosophy; Martin Luther's hallucinations and delusions made him the great reformationist; Joan of Arc's hallucinations led her to great deeds; Cæsar's paranoid tendencies produced his grandiose ideas and influenced the vastness of his acts; and Shelley's præcoid hallucinations and delusions probably colored and heightened his poetic flights.

It is more than probable that Dean Swift and Byron had hemorrhages in the brain at birth and it is conceivable that this congenital brain damage may have influenced, not only the peculiarities of their personalities, but, also, that some particular convolution of their brains may have taken on increased development because of the irregularity of the brain conformation in these individuals.

The ductless or endocrine glands, of which we hear so much and of which we know so little, give to the blood-stream certain chemical substances known as hormones which seem to influence the various systems and organs of the body includ-

ing, of course, the brain and nervous systems. Of the mechanism and chemistry of this influence little is actually known, but we do know somewhat of the physiology of the glands, and the future may show that they, together with the body-chemistry, have a part at least, to play in causing the combination of the strains that go toward the forming of the expression of genius. We believe that certain changes in the secretion of the pituitary gland of Byron not only influenced his personal appearance and his *libido* but also the character and quality of his writing. Changes in the secretion of this gland and of other glands, for when one ductless gland is disturbed the others (the thyroid and the suprarenals especially) partake of the disturbance, may be noted in Napoleon, Joan of Arc, Queen Victoria, John Randolph, and in many other characters of history.

If we look upon germplasm as an immutable, unchangeable element, which view may be seriously questioned, we may still believe, by what we may perceive of the character of germplasm, that its expression in genius and in greatness may be influenced by the secretions of the endocrine glands to such an extent that a character or trait may take on the appearance, at least, of change. Similar changes take place in air or in water when

acted upon by certain influences. Water may be evaporated, air condensed. Vapor and solidified air are of the same elements as water and air but their qualities are so different that for all purposes one or the other may be considered as modifications. If this view is acceptable for the influence of the ductless gland secretions why cannot drugs and alcohol have the same effect? The question is not easy of answer, but, to my mind, a study of the two effects, that of drugs including alcohol and that of the secretion of the ductless glands, leads one to believe that greatness and genius have been far more influenced by the gland secretions than by drugs and that this is probably so because their action is inherent, biological, and intimate while that of the drugs and alcohol is induced, toxic and more remote.

We find in greatness, and especially in genius, various emotional, temperamental, conduct, nervous, psychic, complex and reflex reactions and manifestations that should not be confused with pathological disease conditions. Nor should these manifestations be attributed to the effect of opium or alcohol although, at times, their possession may be the cause of the individual's leaning toward the taking of these drugs. What underlies the trend that genius takes may be more profitably looked for in the individual's desire to escape from life as

he is forced by circumstance and convention to live it, or in his desire to compensate by worship, love of beauty, revenge, ridicule or humor for the buffetings of the hand of fate rather than by attributing the trend to disease, to alcohol or to other drugs.

## CHAPTER VII

# Man's Mental Levels

ACCEPTING the fact that we cannot definitely account for genius we may still discuss, before taking up the consideration of individuals, the modes by which, possibly, genius attains its reach.

The brain is not all of man's mental apparatus, the balance of the nervous system is essential to its action. Cut off the special senses from an individual and his brain would be of very little service to him. Cut off the impulses coming from the organs of the body, cut off the impulses going to the voluntary and to the involuntary muscles, eliminate that sense of good or ill caused by the circulation of body-fluids and the action of body-chemistry and the brain is inert. Improper functioning of any of these things interferes with normal brain action. The alteration, however, when one function is depressed, may be compensated for by hyperaction or over sensitiveness of another function. Hearing, for instance, may become more acute in a blind man. Through the reception of the brain of various impulses there are

stored up memories, desires, and interests; the inhibitions of customs and of conventions are formed; and the way is paved for the moulding of reasons, judgments, and opinions.

Man possesses, too, the faculty of mental projection. For a time as has been mentioned, he can live, mentally, in any clime, at any period of the world's history or, at times, he can live beyond the earth, among the stars. And when man can sense his relationship to the universe and to the eternal and co-ordinate with this all of his other faculties so as to bring them with exquisite technique into expression, through whatever medium, he becomes an artist.

Art is the highest of mental attainments because it is created, not of one thing or of many things, but from everything that pertains to its expression, and, because all human beings have, at least, some of the rudiments of art appreciation. Art's appeal is universal and lasts as long as there is evidence of its expression. A genius is usually endowed with, and reacts to, but one mode of art expression, and this mode he endeavors to perfect. His other faculties need not be of a high order. He reaches a peak of attainment in his endowed field. A few geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci for instance, rise to high peaks in several lines of expression, but this is rare, very rare.

Greatness, or illustriousness, differs from genius in that high plateaus or ranges are attained consisting of superior development of several or of many faculties which express themselves, as a rule, through a practical or scientific medium, rather than through art.

To judge the mind we have to look at it in the figurative cross-sections of mental levels. It is not enough to simply divide the mind into the conscious and subconscious or, in other words, into the objective and the subjective, as is usually done. We get, I believe, a far better understanding if we consider the mind as divided into many different levels and if we begin our consideration at the lowest level and work upward.

The lowest mental level is that of *awareness of existence* and is found in all forms of animal mental life and continues throughout life. Man claims that this level ceases with death in all animals save himself—that he alone is immortal. At a higher mental level simple awareness of existence is *elaborated into a desire to live* and the mammal reacts by sucking its food. It recognizes its dependence and whines or cries when it is uncomfortable and in various ways calls for shelter, protection, and attention. At a higher level *instincts appear* and are shown in the search for food and in other actions of self-preservation, self-protection, and

self-satisfaction. The ego is developing. And now comes the level in which *emotions manifest themselves* and the animal begins to show anger, fear, love, and shame, with their elaborations. It is a mistake, I think, to consider these emotions as instincts. Higher still the animal recognizes its herd or species, becomes gregarious, hoards, desires reproduction, builds a home of some sort, and prepares to protect it. Here, in man, the *racial sense* begins. After this comes the *desire for self-expression* in language, in records, in drawings, and in simple mechanics. Then, higher, man begins to manifest *self-assertiveness* by attempts to communicate, to decorate, to cultivate, to imitate and to migrate. Reaching higher still he finds that his broadened activities require the real *acquisition of knowledge* and he observes, stores up facts, recalls, and he develops an idea of dependence upon divinity. He soon reaches the level in which *opinion, criticism, and organization appear.* At a somewhat higher level man shows a *social sense* and becomes concerned with the welfare of his own and of other species. Man then reaches the level of the institution of *law and order* and ideas of justice, mercy, reason, judgment, desire for fame and reputation, and appreciation of the ethical and of the beautiful appear. Higher than this comes the highest level where

resides *altruism, nobleness, and special mental endowments* and from this level arise the ranges of greatness and the peaks of genius.

The conscious and the subconscious, the objective and the subjective, mind, are not mental levels at all but states of mind; and man, in his thoughts and in his actions, both voluntary and involuntary, in either of these states, may dip down into the well of any of his mental levels. But, even though a man's mental material may be great and gathered from many levels it is of little use to him unless he can correlate it and express it. It is here that his mental mechanism should be of high order, for each experience should be balanced against every other experience in exact proportion until the product is in perfect shape for presentation and to attain this the whole man must react. If the whole man is to react, then we must consider the whole man in his relationship to everything that bears upon him. Man's thought processes consist of a continuity of flow from primary awareness to his highest state of mentality and, in like manner, for this continuity of thought processes to take place we shall have to consider the continuity of the physical processes that go to make the physical man. I shall not discuss the familiar development of his anatomical structure from the single cell to the complete body but go

back of this and briefly discuss certain continuity of relationships.

Man is related to the mineral kingdom by being composed of many of the minerals of the earth, lime, phosphorus, iron and dozens of others, alone and in various combinations. The salt of the sea is also in his blood, his lungs are filled with air and the bulk of his body is of water.

Man is related to the vegetable kingdom in that many of the elements of plants are also elements of his body, and his existence largely depends upon his herbivorous qualities. In addition, the chlorophyl, the sap circulation, the anatomy and the physiology of plants closely, in its essentials, resemble those of man.

The resemblance of man to, his dependence upon, his carnivorous propensities for, and his evolution from other forms of animal life is too well known to stress.

True is the old idea that man is of the earth earthy and to the earth returns. All through everything of the earth and through everything pertaining to the earth is a continuity that eventuates in man and thus evolution reaches far back of the primary animal cell or its germplasm. Evolution reaches back with uninterrupted continuity, not only to the beginning of the world but to that indefinable thing or force or divinity, whatever we

may call it, that began the beginning of things. The idea of continuity leads to the belief that man is of all things and of all time.

This continuity of evolution although it leads up to man does not culminate in man's body or in man's mind, or in the whole man, even though many of man's greatest achievements are in imitation of himself. Man builds a house of bricks, layer upon layer like the cells of his body, he binds it together with a timber or a steel skeleton and he puts a head or roof upon it and plants its foundations, like feet, upon the ground. The plumbing of the house resembles his own circulation and the heating system is like the process of nutrition. He gets his best view and contemplates his surroundings from the top of the house and in the darkness of his cellar he hides discarded things and the things he does not wish to recall or his neighbors to see. By shutting his door he withdraws his hand from unwelcomed guests and by opening it he opens his heart to those he cares for. And when he leaves his house for good it crumbles to decay and returns to the same elements and to the same dust to which he, himself, returns.

Man in his mechanics duplicates what is found in his own body. His spade and his rake represent his hand, his pistons, his ball and socket joints, his fulcrums he takes from those of his body. He

broadcasts and he receives. He duplicates and reduplicates himself in many ways.

Man ordinarily speaks what he has been told or has read, he draws the things he has seen, he plays the sounds he has heard, and he writes his experiences. I say he ordinarily does and the word "ordinarily" leaves a loop-hole to say that the continuity of evolution does not culminate and stop in man. Maeterlinck connects the subconscious with the idea of immortality and thinks that it does not die but lives forever influencing life from time to time by reincarnations. Maury, the great scientist, once spoke of men as creatures crawling upon the crust of the earth at the bottom of an ocean of atmosphere—a wonderful conception when one's mind is focused upon the currents of the air. But he would agree with me that even physically man can penetrate to a certain extent the crust of the earth and can now sail through thousands of vertical feet of atmosphere. I know that he would also agree that mentally certain men can travel entirely through the earth or visit the stars and beyond the stars and take as did he other men's minds along with them. Someone said "we live to learn and it is a pity we have to die and forget it all." If we do forget it all, if it is lost, then this is the only waste found anywhere in nature. We at one time thought that sound had only certain

short wave lengths but now we can send an S. O. S. call a thousand miles away and receive an answer from the air around us. We now realize that we may see a color which will bring up vividly scenes of years ago and that we may smell an odor which will awaken emotions that we thought were lost since childhood.

We have three conceivable means of continued continuity, one by the transmission of ourselves through the reproduction of our species, one by the perpetuation of ourselves in art by art creating art and perpetuating ourselves in beauty as sensed by Keats when he said, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the third, a spiritual eternity which Shelley had in mind when he wrote of the departed Keats:

"Peace, peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep
He hath awakened from the dream of life."

The records of man will pass, his species will die out in the flesh, the world will dry up and disintegrate but the spirit of man shall live, or else continuity will be broken, evolution will be without purpose, and the greater mental life will never be lived.

It is the life of the "great beyond" to which religion points, to which meditation floats, to which science reaches and which art cries to reproduce.

Of that life we get only glimpses here but all of this life must flow toward it. When we reach any mental level we cannot perceive, except darkly, the level above and our higher levels are only obtainable when there dawns upon us a sense of the life beyond our life, the level above our level, until a vision comes to us that others cannot perceive. If we can adequately express this perception, whether through war or through statesmanship, whether with words or with music we have genius.

Let us next discuss some of the individuals who have had this vision and who have, by one means or another, interpreted it for us who, without their aid, would never have seen.

## CHAPTER VIII

# King David the Cyclothymiac

IT may be hard to decide whether or not King David deserves a place among the great poets of the ages. He seems to have used some of the structural form and considerable of the material from the writings of Akhnaton, the Egyptian Pharaoh poet. Doubtless, too, Hebrew lore and tradition were drawn upon and he may even have received aid in his composition. His writings, also, may or may not have been enhanced by the King James translation of the Holy Scriptures. However, as the matter stands, most of these charges may be brought against Shakespeare and other poets of acknowledged genius. At any rate, in the Psalms we find the best of all known religious poetry and my object is not to enter into a controversy but to show that the spirit of the Psalms is a remarkable reflection of the personality of David and that no one else can be held responsible for their emotional elevations and depths. Of the great poetic minds only two—David and Shakespeare—have been, for any length of time, a real force in the individual lives of the masses of civilized people.

All of us, normally, have rises and falls of temperament. Without much assignable cause we have periods of a sense of well-being and periods of depression of spirits. In some this sense of well-being mounts up to a state of exultation during which an exhilarated emotion sweeps lesser ones aside; soon or late this is followed by a state of depression during which there is a feeling of unworthiness, moroseness, or remorse. In a few the departure from the normal is so great that the exalted state goes on to mania with its flight of ideas, great psychomotor excitation and delusions of power, of grandeur or of change of personality, while the depression may become so pronounced that the psychomotor retardation of genuine melancholia may ensue, and the individual may have delusions of being a lost soul. In any instance, between the rise and the fall of temperament or spirits there may be a passive or normal interval of greater or less duration.

David belongs to the second of the groups mentioned, that which, at times borders upon the insane class almost, but not quite, reaching the states of mania and melancholia which are marked by delusions and hallucinations. We may call him, then, a cyclothymiac—a person with pronounced cyclic periods of elevation and depression without being actually insane. It is well to

remember that all of us have these rises and falls of temperament to a greater or less degree.

Excepting the biography of Christ, the biography of David is the most complete in the Bible. We are told of David's ancestry and of his posterity; and his steps, especially in the books of Samuel, are closely traced from youth until his death at an advanced age. We thus find that David's whole life was one of ups and downs, of contrasts and of contradictions, of emotional elevations and of depressions. From an humble shepherd boy he became, in a day, at the cast of a stone, the favorite of the king and the hero of Israel. Women organized to praise him, the king's son became his most intimate friend, and he shortly entered royalty by marrying the king's daughter. It is conceivable that during this time he composed his earliest and one of his most beautiful and exalted Psalms which, however, is not found in the Book of Psalms, but comprises the twenty-second chapter of Second Samuel.

Soon, however, all of this changed, and David was in disfavor, a refugee abiding in a cave. With Jonathan's aid he escaped and, because he was hungry, he did not hesitate to commit the sacrilege of eating the shew-bread in the temple. He then took the huge sword of Goliath, the giant he had slain with a pebble, and, gathering a scrub army

of a few hundred men, marched forth and won glorious victories. Napoleon, only, ever "came back" so strong. Upon the suicide of Saul, David was proclaimed King of Israel.

At the height of his power, while strolling upon his housetop, David chanced to see across the way the wife of one of his valiant officers taking a bath. Not satisfied with mere ocular gratification, he arranged for Uriah, the Hittite, to be killed in battle and then took his wife. To a person in the elevated phase of cyclothymia, obstacles to their desires are said to be of little consequence and David's acquisition of Uriah's wife seems to be a shining example. For this murderous deed the king was humbled by the terrible rebuke of Nathan and went into a period of depression. Some of the psalms of lamentation, though of course not written during the most depressed periods, were subsequent poetical expressions of emotions experienced at the time of depression. The psalms of exultation were doubtlessly conceived during elevated episodes or during their exhilarated, emotional recall.

After David had regained his spirits, his child by Uriah's wife was taken ill, and in spite of many prayers, the child died. Again the king sank into the deepest despondency, locked himself in a room, refused food and drink and groveled

upon the ground. At the end of a certain number of days he suddenly emerged, brushed aside his sorrow and resumed all of his activities.

In after years, Absalom, the favorite son of David, turned against him. He was hunted by Joab, found hanging by the beautiful hair of his head from a limb of a tree under which his ass had carried him, and was slain. Uncontrollable grief overtook his father the king, whose lamentations upon this occasion have become proverbial. But now, Joab, his general, rebuked him for his weakness and soon David is on the way, in high spirits, to Gilgal conducted by all the people of Judea and half of the people of Israel.

Sheba, after the Gilgal movement, revolted and all Israel deserted David except the men of Judea. Because of this, possibly by way of propitiation, or sacrificially, David took ten of his concubines and locked them up in perpetual prison and sent his army under Joab after Sheba. Joab besieged Sheba in Abel and bargained peace for the head of Sheba, which was thrown to him over the wall by the women of Abel. In passing it is worthwhile to say that Joab was a great general and it is hard to say what David would have done without him.

And then came the famine, year after year for three years, and David offered up the seven sons

of Saul and they were hanged. Upon the heels of this, because Rizpah, a former concubine of Saul's, moaned, David sent to Gilboa where he obtained the bones of Saul and Jonathan and had them buried, presumably with pomp, in the sepulchre of Kish. It is of interest to note David's reactions to the cruelties he committed in that he nearly always attempted to make some sort of compensation for them, accompanied by the personal religious compensations of praise to Jehovah, remorse, and prayer for forgiveness. He had excellent insight into his vagaries of conduct.

David, as an old man, was much beloved of his people who apparently approved of his actions in regard to his treatment of the family of Saul and other matters. They evidently tried, by various means, to give solace to his declining years, once quite unsuccessfully, as related in the first part of First Kings.

And soon the king died. His last words are recorded. In them he gave sound advice to his people and then, speaking of the future ruler of Israel, his words rise to these lines:

"And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds, as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after the rain."

As an accompaniment to the turbulent and dra-

matic life of David, the king, we have the life of David the poet, marked, as we have noted, by Psalms of exaltation and of lamentation which reach the height and depth of religious emotion. Between these extremes there was peacefulness at times, such as is found in the twenty-third Psalm:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

In the following, the twenty-fourth Psalm, we find this example of exaltation:

"Lift up your heads O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."

In the next Psalm, the twenty-fifth, we have this lamentation:

"Turn Thee unto me and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged. O bring me out of my distress."

Into the psalms David poured the white heat of his deep devotional soul in turbulent ecstasies of exultation; and in them, to relieve his depression, he laid, at the foot of the throne of his God, the dead, leaden weight of his despair.

No man but a man of very wide variations of mood could have written as David wrote; and

any man who could lastingly encompass the tremendous emotions that he experienced in the language of poetry is a great poet. In spite of his aberrations of conduct King David, like St. Peter, was a great man. The faults that both of them had were simply exaggerations of the faults that all of us have, or at least have propensities toward, and therefore we understand them. But David and Peter had something else in common that all of us do not have—they had the faculty of raising themselves to a higher moral status and of giving themselves, in this better state, in unstinted service to both man and God. And, after all, the great gift, the supreme sacrifice is to give one's self unreservedly to life, to say with Nietzsche, "Life is beyond good and evil," and, despite irregularities of mind or of conduct, to turn one's forces, with whatever of strength and of courage an unfathomable Destiny has endowed one, toward the opening doors of another day.

## CHAPTER IX

# Julius Cæsar—One of the Gods

JULIUS CÆSAR may have conquered the world but he was never able to conquer himself nor to attain, because it was beyond the realm of accomplishment and embodied a delusion, his greatest ambition.

Early in youth Cæsar had been told that he was a descendant of Venus Gentrix, and hence he nurtured the idea that he descended from divinity. As the years rolled by and as successes and honors were heaped, in rapid sequence, upon him this idea became fixed. When he was in Egypt and Cleopatra claimed to be, and the inhabitants thought she was, the reincarnation upon earth of Isis-Aphrodite, Cæsar accepted it as a fact and his Egypto-Roman compact was thought by him to be fostered by the gods—rather than by an extremely clever woman. And Cæsar dreamed that a god and goddess, himself and Cleopatra, would be the divine rulers of the world and that his title would be King of Kings of the earth.

As is well known Cæsar was an epileptic and his delusions of divinity have been attributed to this

disease. He has been compared to such epileptics who had assumed that they were of divine origin as Akhnaton the religious Egyptian, to the prophet Mohammed and to Napoleon, who, during his Egyptian invasion, is said to have declared that he was the prophet of God. On the other hand certain would-be world conquerors who did not have epilepsy have had similar ideas. Alexander the Great called himself the son of Jupiter—Ammon, and recently, the Kaiser assumed, as Morton Prince has shown, divine prerogatives. Akhnaton and Mohammed were religious reformers, and among religious reformers a sense of having been divinely appointed is not unusual and one almost might say not unnatural. The comparison of Akhnaton and Mohammed to Cæsar is inapt. Napoleon's convulsions were due probably to an undersecretion of the pituitary body, a condition Cæsar certainly did not have. Again, it is most probable that Napoleon did not have a real delusion that he was a prophet of God and if he did the idea surely did not rule his life. The Kaiser's attitude was purely, I believe, an assumption and in his heart and in his mind he must have known perfectly well that he was "of the earth, earthy."

Cæsar's delusion of divine descent which began in childhood, fostered by a family tradition, be-

came more elaborated and more systematized as he grew older until it directed his actions, enveloped his life and accomplished his death.

Cæsar, it has been said, "was a man who could not tolerate a rival," and he, in all probability, felt that no man had a right to be his rival. He founded an order of Luperci Julii and, according to Weigall, identified himself with both the Roman and Egyptian god of fecundity. Cæsar also assumed the dress of the former kings of Rome and rebuked a tribune for not rising when he passed, but himself retained his seat when a delegation of senators attended him to confer honors upon him. And further he is said to have proclaimed in public his belief in the divinity of his person and to have caused a statue in his likeness to be placed in the temple of Quirinus, inscribed, "To the Immortal God." Also, believing firmly in the divine descent of Cleopatra, he had her statue erected in the temple of Venus, his ancestress, and kept it there against vigorous protests. By his divine right he became associate ruler of Egypt. Moreover he expected the senate to proclaim him King of Rome and hence later of the Roman world. If this occurred Alexander's footsteps could be followed into the East and he would also become King of Parthia and India—of all of the known world. To Rome he brought Cleopatra to

share in his glory and kept her there living in luxury and in readiness. He could, when the time came, divorce Calpurnia, his wife, proclaim his marriage to Cleopatra, make her his co-ruler and they could leave to their divinely descended son, Cæsarion, the world. What a wonderfully systematized grandiose delusion!

A scheme so prodigious, however, must be managed propitiously. Cæsar had intended time and again to proclaim himself King in Rome but sooth-sayers, astrologers, oracles, and lastly his wife's dream had made him hesitate. And on the fatal Ides of March, when he was busy preparing an army to conquer Parthia, he would not have gone to the senate had not Decimus, his friend, traitorously come to him and told him that the senate had unanimously determined to confer upon him the title of King of all the Roman dominions outside of Italy. What a terrible collapse of this royal card house occurred before the statue of Pompey when he was stabbed to death by his friends and by Brutus, too, who was in all probability his own son!

Cæsar's last will is said to have been destroyed by his wife. Had she not destroyed it what interesting reading it would have made! It would probably have revealed his delusions in full bloom. The will which did come to light, and which was

read so effectively by Antony, was written years before and changed him, in the eyes of the people, from a god-king back to a republican ruler. Antony would have had a most difficult time explaining to the Roman mob a will leaving Rome and all of her possessions to an Egyptian Queen and her bastard son.

Cleopatra was an ambitious woman, and her disappointment must have been keener than her sorrow at Cæsar's death, when she found that the will which was read had cut her and her son out of all things Roman. She had been awaiting an hour of triumph and she met an hour of disaster, but she retained her poise and quietly went back with her son to her Egyptian court and abided her time until, in Mark Antony, she redreamt her Egypto-Roman dream. Doomed again to bitter disappointment both in the deteriorated, dissipated, lovesick Antony and in her world empire dream, she passed on, through the bite of an asp, it has been said, to an eternally dreamless state. Cleopatra was, about in even proportions, a maternal type woman and a vampire. She was true to Cæsar while she was Cæsar's and to Antony, while she was Antony's. She was a devoted, and, we have reason to believe a good mother to the child she bore Cæsar and to the three children she bore Antony. She was a good ruler of the Ptolemy

type and better than most of her ancestors. She was ever loyal to her country and her great ambition was to see her first-born child inherit all she could give him. She loved luxury and extravagance and had a strong sense of the dramatic. She was intelligent as well as beautiful and an adept in intrigue, although she frequently acted upon impulse or intuition. In the matters of love she played for high stakes and won hands down. Cæsar and Antony were marionettes moved by strings from her tapering finers. Octavian would probably have made this pair a trio had she not feared that his desire to have her march in chains at his triumph would outweigh her attractions and her judgment in this was, in all likelihood, correct.

Cæsar had qualities by which, fortunately for his reputation, he is generally remembered. Time and circumstance of death have been kind to many heroes. Cæsar wrote well, though not so remarkably well, but he wrote about his conquests which made history and his works have become a children's text-book. Cæsar destroyed less art and things of culture than many conquerors and the partial destruction of the library at Alexandria, which has been laid at his door, was not wilful but due to an accident by fire.

Cæsar was the world's greatest good-roads builder. In battle he was brave as any man and he

exhibited personal exposure to such an extent that he may have believed that he was divinely protected against violent death. Cæsar believed in discipline and order and he imposed these, except in the matter of loot after a battle, upon both the countries he conquered and upon his own troops.

Cæsar was a military genius of the first water. He was a profound student of Alexander the Great's campaigns. He had highly developed strategic instinct of his own paralleling Alexander's and he had qualities of the highest order of intelligent preparation, leadership, courage, audacity, indomitability and above all insatiable ambition.

But Cæsar was vain—vainglorious in his dress and in the care of his person, vainly extravagant in his manner of life when not on his campaigns and in his triumphs the extreme of magnificence was attempted and attained. Cæsar was cruel, one of the most cruel men that ever lived. He did not hesitate to murder anyone who stood in his way; he killed the captured generals, kings and queens after he had made them march in chains in his triumphs, he allowed to be ruthlessly ruined the most beautiful daughters of the lands he conquered and at times he sacrificed his own troops unnecessarily and mercilessly. Cæsar not only made his word law but he made himself the per-

sonification of law and it goes without saying that Cæsar was a colossal egotist.

Cæsar was cunning. To his friends and to those whose good graces he required he gave lavishly, and he bought countries as he bought men but, if it suited his purpose, he would turn and crush those who had bargained with him. All of these traits, coupled with his systematized delusions of divinity, place Julius Cæsar definitely, epilepsy or no epilepsy, genius or no genius, in the class of the paranoiac. The paranoiac is egotistical, suspicious, contentious, cruel, often cunning. He frequently has delusions that he is some superior being or of divinity and as his delusions develop they become systematized into some peculiar or prodigious scheme or plan and the personality of Cæsar exhibited these characteristics to a remarkable degree.

## CHAPTER X

# Leonardo da Vinci Smiles

THE glory of the Renaissance burst upon the Dark Ages and the sleeping world awoke to its most gorgeous day. Italy was the Nazareth of the Renaissance, Florence its Bethlehem. The apostles of poetry, of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of science and of discovery carried the influence of the Italian Renaissance to the remotest parts of the earth, and ever since the world has been a better place in which to live.

But this cultural revelation was given only to the few—to Dante, to Botticelli, to the two Lippis, to Andrea del Sarti, to Columbus, to Michelangelo, to Raphael, to Leonardo da Vinci and perhaps to half a dozen others.

Italy, ruled chiefly by the pope and the doges, was upon the whole a country of intolerance, superstition and ignorance. Feud, strife and inquisition were the order of the day, and immorality, mercantile dishonesty and fawning to wealth were widespread. Display, arrogance and intrigue were among the common characteristics of the upper

classes; while the upper classes were upper, as is not unusual, more because of circumstance and scheming than because of eugenic birth or intrinsic worth. Nor were the endowed men of the Renaissance free from many of the stigmata of their time, but rather in spite of them they towered above their own and future generations, and at the same time, on the other hand, there were still in the hearts and minds of the people sympathetic chords which responded when struck.

A contemporary of Columbus, Machiavelli, Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Michelangelo and Raphael, and greater than any of them, was Leonardo da Vinci, the most multiple genius the world has ever known. He was born in 1452 at Vinci, about twenty miles from Florence, the illegitimate child of a gentleman of moderate means by a peasant woman of no striking qualification. He was adopted and reared by his paternal grandfather and acknowledged by his father who, after his marriage to four women other than Leonardo's mother to whom he failed to offer the bond of wedlock, had eleven children. Leonardo thus became the oldest child of a large family. There seems, however, to have been no love exhibited toward him by his half brothers and sisters, but rather the contrary. Leonardo, we believe, bitterly resented his fate as far as his illegitimacy

was concerned, but showed no signs of personal hatred toward his brethren. The mother of Leonardo lived in the neighborhood but the calumnious insinuations of his enemies later in life that he had an active Œdipus complex is entirely without substantiation.

We may think of Leonardo da Vinci as a lonely, left-handed little boy, fond of his grandfather, seeing his busy father but infrequently and allowed to visit his mother on occasions. We have reason to believe that Leonardo was physically strong and well proportioned. He was intensely interested in the development, the form and the habits of every living thing, especially in birds. He studied alone the formation of rocks and leaves and he dissected insects. He was meditative, sensitive, artistic and imaginative. He delighted in the beautiful semi-mountain views, the bright shining of the morning, the afterglow and the darkening shadows of the evening, the feel of the warmth of the noonday sun, the sight of the white cloud floating like a ship adrift in the blue Italian sky but he also enjoyed investigating problems, mathematical, mechanical and of nature. His impressions and his observations of all these things he translated into notes and into drawings. Resentful of the fate that gave him an irregular birth and proud, early in life he

found that by repression he gained poise, by interests compensation, by work satisfaction, by imagination escape. But he never learned nor tried to learn promptness, obligation, convention or patriotism and consequently he became a procrastinator, although absolutely thorough in each step of an undertaking, an unorthodox thinker though not an atheist, and an Ishmaelite but without conscious rebellion.

Leonardo's father, impressed by the remarkable character of some of his drawings, took him to his friend Andrea del Verrocchio, the painter in Florence whose pupil Leonardo became when he was seventeen years of age. When he was twenty years old he was admitted to the Guild of Florentine Painters. This honor cannot be greatly attributed to the teachings of his master for in one of Verrocchio's pictures, "The Baptism of Christ," Leonardo painted the angel which is far superior to the other figures. I shall in no way attempt to describe the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci. Many of them have been utterly lost to us because he experimented in the making and in the use of colors and varnishes instead of using tried formulæ; many of them have deteriorated and cracked from having been painted upon plaster; others have been desecrated by the hands of vandals, hostile soldiers, and fanatics, but by the few

that remain he has been judged one of the best, if not the best, and noblest painters of all time.

But Leonardo da Vinci was far more than a painter. He was a sculptor in marble and in bronze. He was a musician of no mean ability. He was an anatomist whose anatomical drawings are useful even unto this day; and he was the first to classify animals into the vertebrate and the invertebrate and to describe the laws of respiration. He was the first to describe correctly the structure of plants. He was an inventor anticipating the flying machine, the camera, the breech-loading cannon, the revolving skillet, the mincing machine, the swimming belt, the wheelbarrow, the composition of certain explosives, the paddle wheel, and the smoke-stack. He was a scientist who first described the laws of light and shade and who suggested the undulatory theory of light and heat, steam as a motive power in navigation, the laws of combustion, the circulation of the blood before Cesalpino and Harvey, and, previous to Copernicus, the theory of the earth's movements.

In addition to all of this he was a profound philosopher. Some of his epigrammatic observations were:

"The beauty of the body perishes but a work of art does not."

"Every difficulty may be overcome by effort."

"Time abides long enough for those who make use of it."

"Miserable are those who enslave themselves to gain money."

"Tears come from the heart and not from the brain."

"The eye is the window of the soul."

"You must give full liberty to others if you would possess liberty yourself."

"Despise not the criticism of thine enemy."

"The artist who has no mistrust of himself will never attain the supreme heights of art."

"The judgment of an enemy is often nearer the truth than the judgment of a friend."

"Take heed lest the greed for gold suffocate art."

"The conquest of glory excels the glory of conquest."

"He who feels most is the greatest of martyrs."

"Patience acts against insults as garments act against cold. With the doubling of your misfortune put on a double cloak of endurance."

"To keep in good health is better than trying to get cured when in bad health; beware of physicians."

But it is not so much with the accomplishments of Leonardo da Vinci that I wish to concern myself as with the man. What manner of man, good or evil, was this many-sided genius? As to his appearance we have two portraits of him, one a

drawing by himself and one a painting by a pupil. From them we may judge that he was a tall, large-framed, full-bearded man, whose hair and complexion tended toward the blond rather than the brunette type, whose forehead was broad, whose features were full and well shaped and whose eyes were lustrous but penetrating. The general expression of his face was strong and purposeful and yet benign. When we look at these two portraits of him and read the scant references we may find of his personal appearance there is certainly nothing abnormal to be observed. He did, however, have one physical peculiarity—he was left-handed.

Left-handedness may be due to a family characteristic or it may be due to some deformity or disability of the right arm from an injury at birth to the arm itself, or it may be caused by a hemorrhage at birth into the left side of the brain, the side which supplies the right arm with motion. This hemorrhage may be so slight that no objective deformity of the arm results, but simply the movements are rendered somewhat more difficult. The left cerebral hemisphere is far more important than the right, for in it are developed the centers for speech and association centers for word-hearing, word-seeing and word-writing; and the psychic centers are also more developed in this hemisphere.

In left-handed people in whom the left-handedness originates from brain hemorrhage affecting the centers mentioned, the reduplication of these centers in the right hemisphere may take on additional development. Because of this transference of function and of the fact of the presence of a brain lesion, slight though it may be, it is possible that certain left-handed people are different psychologically from their right-handed brothers.

Clinical observation tends to corroborate this idea. That Leonardo da Vinci's left-handedness was probably due to a congenital brain hemorrhage seems likely, first, because he indulged in mirror writing, that is he wrote backward, from right to left, indicating an abnormality in his speech association centers for writing, and, second, because of the fact that three years before his death he was paralyzed on the right side of the body, indicative of a hemorrhage in the left hemisphere without its affecting his speech as it would have done had he been right-handed. After his paralysis, which occurred when he was sixty-four years of age, he continued to paint as usual with his unaffected left hand.

Leonardo da Vinci was a man of abstemious habits. There is no evidence of his having indulged in excessive drinking and in his contact with women he appears to have been courteous but

amorously disinterested. He had the habit of closely observing human emotions and he took every opportunity of placidly watching their play on the faces of the gay, the distressed, the angry or the tortured, and of recording these expressions by drawing them in his notebook, which hung ever ready by a chain at his side. Rosa Bonheur is said to have done the same thing in studying the expressions and emotions of animals, going to the extent of watching their faces and the contortions of their bodies when they were being slaughtered. Due to his abstraction and to his continuing to work when he was absorbed Leonardo da Vinci was irregular in his sleep and in his meals. He was a procrastinator at times and he might work for days with but little rest or food and then leave that particular piece of work for weeks or for months before touching it again.

In painting the "Last Supper" he is said to have stood before the painting for hours and then possibly to have touched it with his brush for a moment or not at all. He digressed from his painting by working upon his inventions, or by writing or by drawing fortifications. His mind was restless but he was capable of the most profound concentration and while much of his work was unfinished that which he did was usually miraculous in its perfection.

Leonardo da Vinci made strong and powerful friends but he was not subservient to them and for some of them he seems to have entertained an opinion akin to contempt. He also made enemies and he was accused of atheism, witchcraft, homosexuality, and duplicity, all of which charges were probably false. However, he was careless in money transactions, he did not have a strong sense of obligation, and he was not very patriotic. He accepted money for work which was never completed. He made promises he did not, and probably did not intend to, fulfill. From 1483 to 1487 he left Italy and entered in the service of the sultan of Egypt as his engineer. Whether the fighting cause of the sultan was right or wrong the fact that the sultan was an infidel was held against Da Vinci. In 1516 he went to France as the King's painter to Francis I, the enemy of his country and the conqueror of Milan.

On the other hand, Leonardo da Vinci was, in many ways, a man of the gentlest instincts and the truest affections. He gave liberally to anyone who asked alms of him, he reared a cripple boy, he was kind and patient to his disciples, he forgave and excused those who did him injury, he praised and defended the work of his jealous rivals, especially that of Michelangelo, he bought caged birds and took them out to the country and set them free,

and he was greatly grieved and distressed rather than incensed when one of his friends was killed and destroyed the model by trying to fly, without permission, in a flying machine Leonardo had modeled after the order of the wings of a bird. But it must not be thought that he was soft and without a streak of sarcasm. A priest named Bandelli complained to the duke about the tardiness and indecision Leonardo evinced in painting in the face of Judas Iscariot in the "Last Supper." Thereupon Da Vinci, in answer, wrote the duke a poem, the following lines of which are sufficient to show the temper of his reply:

"Padre Bandelli thinks it easy is
To find the type of him who with a kiss
Betrayed his Lord. Well, what I can I'll do;
And if it please his reverence and you,
For Judas' face I'm willing to paint his."

A man who thought in terms of the universe, a master artist, a profound scientist and philosopher, Leonardo da Vinci held in repression his resentment against his illegitimacy, refused to be tethered with the bondage of provincialism, made his escape from personal annoyances through many wide and deep channels of thought and developed a poise and serenity that approached the divine.

He was mentally and investigatively restless

but personally he was self contained and restrained. He was imaginative yet he was careful and accurate in the expression of this imagination. Like Thomas Browne the turbulent times in which he lived upset his remarkable self-control no whit. He overlooked weakness and folly in his fellow, and did not trouble himself to answer the calumnies and indignities at times heaped upon his head by the envious and the ignorant. His own failures, as for instance the fading of some of his masterpieces because of his attempt, as already mentioned, to make colors from untried materials, he ignored. It is probable that Leonardo da Vinci made only one serious artistic mistake and that was in his delineation of the head of Christ in the "Last Supper." After sixteen years of contemplation and experiment he painted the effeminate head and face introduced by his predecessors, and of all men who have painted the head of Christ Leonardo da Vinci was, perhaps, the most capable of depicting the compassionate masculinity which the head and face of the Master must have undoubtedly possessed in life!

Leonardo da Vinci was above the cringing to dignitaries so common in his day and above the assumption of modesty in regard to his accomplishments. In 1482, before entering the service of Ludovico, he wrote the duke that he could con-

struct light bridges, make pontoons and scaling ladders, construct cannon and motors unlike those in common use and make other engines of war as suitable for defense as for attack and that, in time of peace, he could erect public and private buildings; moreover that he could execute sculpture in marble, bronze and clay and in the art of painting. "I can do as well as anyone else, no matter whom he may be." He concludes by offering to execute the bronze equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza which, he said, "shall bring glory and never-ending honor to that illustrious house."

When, after five or more years' work, Leonardo did get the equestrian statue of the duke completed in clay and ready to be cast in bronze, his patron was defeated and Milan was occupied by the French. Two archers of the French are said to have made a bet that they could drink two flagons of wine and put an arrow from their crossbow into the cheek of the duke. The first missed the cheek but shot away the ear, the second hit his mark. The shooting at this target then became general and did not cease until the colossal model was reduced to its framework. It seems that a French general, Marshal Trivulzio, rode up too late to stop the destruction but when he, in his indignation, drew his sword and was about to cut

down the archers right and left, Leonardo's hand reached up, for he had been an unobserved observer of the desecration of his masterpiece, and twisted the sword from the marshal's grasp. With his strong hands he broke the blade in two and returned the hilt, telling the general it was useless to sacrifice life and that the soldiers did not realize what they were doing. The marshal replied that he had rather cut down a hundred of his own men than to see them destroy a statue perhaps the greatest since the days of Phidias and Praxiteles.

Leonardo da Vinci was not a woman-hater but we have no authentic record of his ever having been in love with, or of his ever having had a liaison with a woman. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to have said that the only two men he could ever understand a woman wishing to be in love with were Goethe and Leonardo da Vinci. However this may be Da Vinci took the precaution of always having an attendant present whenever Mona Lisa Gioconda, with whom his name has been linked by romancers, sat for her portrait. As far as we can learn Mona Lisa was a faithful, though well chaperoned, married lady of some thirty years of age and Leonardo was fifty-two when he began the painting.

This portrait has come to be the mystery picture of the world and many insinuating and weird interpretations have been put upon its lights and shadows, upon its general conception and especially upon its smile. This smile, in great probability, did not belong to Mona Lisa at all but represented Leonardo da Vinci's own outlook on life and depicted the amused superiority which he had gained as compensation for his resentment against an unkind deal of fate and a frequent misunderstanding of his plays in this ill-conditioned game called life. Leonardo had toyed with this smile in various other drawings and paintings but in the portrait of Mona Lisa it had reached its perfection, and Leonardo, we may believe, was not in love with the woman but with the picture and with the smile. Elbert Hubbard said wisely "when an artist paints a portrait he paints two, himself and the sitter."

This picture which Leonardo took four years to paint he always claimed was unfinished and so he kept it with him as a constant companion, and so he took it to France. In France he would uncover it and sit in front of it and gaze upon it for hours. Francis I purchased it but Leonardo made as a condition of the purchase that it should remain with him until he died and then only should

it go to the crown. It is to the credit of Francis I that he accepted this reservation and immediately paid Leonardo a handsome sum.

A few years ago the cultural world was thrown into a furore by the news that this portrait of Mona Lisa had been stolen from the Louvre. But I was told in Paris by a French artist that the picture was never stolen, that it was simply removed from its frame and taken to Florence, put in the care of a reliable art dealer, kept in safety and in secrecy until its return was requested, and that the real reason for its disappearance and reappearance is known only to a few. By putting things together piecemeal I have guessed that the hoax was perpetrated so that the blame for carelessness could be put upon some official of the Louvre and thus get rid of him. But in this I may be mistaken.

Leonardo da Vinci, the most varied supergenius of all time, after having been paralyzed on the right side for three years, died in France on May 2, 1519, at the age of sixty-seven. He died, some have said, in the arms of Francis I and others have said that the fact that Leonardo da Vinci died in his arms is the chief claim that Francis I has to be remembered by posterity. Francesco Melzi, friend and disciple of Leonardo da Vinci, wrote of him, and in his opinion the world has

agreed, that "Leonardo da Vinci was a man whose like Nature can not produce a second time," and as the centuries go by the throngs of the world pass his masterpiece in the Louvre and gaze and wonder and Leonardo da Vinci, evincing his attitude toward life, still smiles, from the face of Mona Lisa, his peculiar, superior, amused smile.

## CHAPTER XI

# Shakespeare, Nagged to Opportunity

AT the age of eighteen Will Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway. Judging from her cottage, which is really a somewhat imposing house with quite a garden, and judging also from the records, she must have been a woman of some family importance in the village of Stratford. Likewise judging from the Shakespeare birthplace, and again from the records, William, the son of the glover and apprentice to the butcher, was probably several rungs further down the social ladder than was Anne. Anne Hathaway was, however, twenty-six years of age at the time of her marriage and the wedding ceremony was forced by circumstances. If seduction is the question, no boy of eighteen ever seduced a woman eight years his senior, so things, I dare say, were the other way about. That love, admiration or respect upon his part, or upon hers either for that matter, entered into this matrimonial compact or existed between the pair thereafter, is not recorded.

The Shakespeares for generations were hus-

bandmen. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, grew up on the Snitterfield farm and then became a glover in Stratford. Although said to have been fond of joking, he appears to have been a contentious fellow and was sued and brought suits a number of times. He married Mary Arden, an uneducated girl though of somewhat higher social standing than himself but none too high at that. He progressed well for a time and rose from an official ale-taster through various other petit offices to town bailiff. It is interesting to note that neither of the parents of the greatest writer of the English language could write their names and that Shakespeare's father signed all of his official documents with "his mark." John Shakespeare eventually had business troubles which went from bad to worse and he became involved and lost most of his wife's property and all of his own prestige in the town.

Will Shakespeare was a lighthearted boy, with reddish hair, ruddy cheeks and hazel eyes. He was fond of fishing and as he grew he learned of birds, of flowers, of forests, of animals, but most of all he learned of people. His powers of observation must have been early formed and superlative. Later he not only revealed the faculty of expressing these observations but he also embellished them to such a degree that what he wrote of them

became axiomatic and epigrammatic for all people. That Shakespeare's school record, whatever it may have been, did not greatly impress his family is shown by the fact that after attending the village grammar school until about the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to a butcher.

The youth who planted his feet upon the neck of a slaughtered beef and made extemporary declamations, who was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy for poaching, who had "small Latin and less Greek," who had for reasons, to marry a woman eight years his senior, and whose father was practically bankrupt, must have cut a sorry figure in Stratford town, especially when we add to these accoutrements the facts that he soon, himself, got into debt and was known to have been a henpecked husband. The worthies of the town, and even Anne, must have thought it a good riddance of bad rubbish when Will put his bundle upon the end of a stick—this, I believe, was the customary equipment and manner of departure—and sauntered forth.

But if they were relieved, what a heavenly relief it was to the poet! He was a man—twenty-one. He had just finished his butcher's apprenticeship and Anne had presented him with three babies, including twins, in these three years of his married life. He had already gained considerable

experience but he was, for the first time, free. On the road to London how he must have stretched, drunk in the air and ever and anon have patted his chest as he pushed on that happy journey of adventure away from all of his troubles and annoyances. He could now lie down upon the grass and sleep whenever he chose without being scolded and he could awaken to a new day without the prospect of nagging. Under these circumstances what wonderful thoughts and fancies must have surged through the formulating brain of the young Shakespeare. No man could have deserted his wife and children in better spirit. He had neatly undone the chain which bound him to his Witch of Endor and he was not encoiled in the meshes of any other woman. He was indeed free.

No wonder one of his first plays was labeled, with a smile, *Love's Labor Lost* and about the same time another play, possibly from a desire complex, was styled Venus and Adonis. Being free, his thoughts also turned to platonic love and having adopted the Earl of Southampton as his patron, he wrote him a hundred, more or less, sonnets. This phase was varied with *The Rape of Lucretia,* and other somewhat salacious verses with or without a moral twist. Uncertain as to whether to identify himself with the Shakespeare he remembered in Stratford or with the Shake-

speare he found himself to be in London, he wrote *The Comedy of Errors*. With the transient wish that he could be the head of his house again and with a passing desire to conquer the home situation he relieved himself with *The Taming of the Shrew*. Remembering the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy for his poaching he drew Justice Shallow in *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Being cautious, however, for Lucy's reach was long, whereas Lucy was a stout man, Shakespeare depicted Shallow so lean that "you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel's skin."

And, now, the business of the theatre crowded him with study, observation, acting and the writing of historical plays. He read *Plutarch's Lives,* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was born of the Hippolyta-Theseus story; influenced by Marlowe's style there came *Romeo and Juliet;* then *The Merchant of Venice* evolved from the plot of the novel *Pecorone*. More historical plays came. And all this time he looked up old plays, he listened to old stories, he studied people, he visited the neighboring insane asylum, he drank and discoursed with learned and witty men, he heard of the murders of Whitechapel, he watched the proceedings of Old Bailey, he gossiped with those in court intrigues, he laughed at fools, he peeped

in on young love, he walked into the woods and fields, he communed with the elements, he gathered flowers, and he dreamed of witches, of asses, and of fairies. But still, in this busy period, we catch glimpses in phrase and in line of the Will Shakespeare who had left Stratford and of his intolerable situation there, although "now is the winter of this discontent made glorious summer."

Then with position and success came the joyous comedies, *Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night,* to be followed by the dark tragedies, *Hamlet, Othello, King Lear* and *Macbeth.* What caused this change of literary temperament from light to shadow, from gladness to sorrow, from joy to tragedy? It happened to coincide with the accession of James I to the throne, but this must merely have been a coincidence. A plausible reason can only be guessed. Shakespeare was in the habit, at this period of his life, of visiting his family for a short stay once a year at the handsome house he had built for them in Stratford and of stopping at the Davenants' in Oxford on his way to and from home. Mrs. Davenant was said to have been a very beautiful woman and to have named one of her children after Shakespeare and to have made Shakespeare its godfather. It may be that Mrs. Shakespeare heard rumors, became jealous, and that she an-

noyed Shakespeare sufficiently to have changed the course of his thoughts—but this is only conjecture. More probably, the Davenants seeming to have been a most devoted and respectable couple, Shakespeare merely wrote these dark tragedies because he happened, at this time, to write *Hamlet* and *Othello* from old stories he had read, *King Lear* from an old play and Spenser's *The Faerie Queen,* and *Macbeth* because he ran across the reign of Macbeth in Holinshed's *Chronicle of Scotch History.*

In 1607, Shakespeare again turned to history and wrote *Antony and Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar,* and *Timon of Athens.* Then with the advent of Beaumont and Fletcher, came Shakespeare's last three plays, fanciful and romantic, *Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest.* These plays reflect a sweetness and stability of temperament in the writer that seems to say, "I am personally at peace with the world." Although there is not the slightest sign of waning of dramatic power or of poetic feeling and even though there is a heightening of imaginative inspiration in these last plays, what little else he wrote was in collaboration with Fletcher and he retired, at the height of his power, at the age of forty-nine.

It has been thought by some that the sequence of Shakespeare's plays gave evidence of alternat-

ing elevation of spirits and melancholia, but there is not the slightest pathological sign of either mania or melancholia shown either in Shakespeare's writings or in what we know of his life.

In 1613 the Globe Theatre burned and Shakespeare retired to Stratford. Shakespeare was now comfortably well off and in his handsome home, New Place, he started life in Stratford again with his wife and his single daughter, Judith. His health was possibly poor and it has been suggested that he had Bright's disease. At any rate he produced no more—his diamond-pointed pen lay idle. It has been said that he had paralysis agitans and again that he had writer's cramp or pen paralysis. The latter is the more probable for if he had paralysis agitans (shaking palsy) surely some note of such a manifest, rare, and conspicuous condition would have come down to us. A study of his many signatures after his retirement, revealing the irregularity and tremor of his writing almost to illegibility, apparently points to pen paralysis. This diagnosis becomes more likely still when we consider the enormous output of his pen, together with the necessary notes, revisals and copies and the fact that he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in fourteen days.

Here, then, in Stratford was Shakespeare, not especially well or happy, we may assume. A scan-

dal, unjustified it seems, had gotten abroad about his favorite daughter, Susanna. His daughter, Judith, had a hurried marriage, which the church did not recognize and she was excommunicated. Shakespeare was involved in a property wrangle between his friends the Combes and the town council, and he had his wife, for whom still we have no reason to believe that he cared a rap, living in his house.

It must have been a real joy to this brilliant but harassed and broken man of fifty-two summers when during March, 1616, two of his eminent friends from London, both poets, Michael Drayton and "Rare" Ben Jonson, came to visit him. Surcease from worry was sought and found in their society and the Reverend John Ward, vicar of Stratford, has left this concise record: "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever then contracted."

Shakespeare left quite a fortune for those days and in his will he provided for his children and also for his sister and he remembered his friends with memorial rings, but to his wife, whom he mentioned with no endearing adjective, he left only his second best bed!

## CHAPTER XII

# Elizabeth the Flapper

CLEOPATRA may be the greatest vampire of history, but Elizabeth is the world's premier flapper. Elizabeth had the slight figure, the audacity, the profanity, the irregularities of conduct, the disregard of convention, the daring of dress, the face painting propensities, the love of adventure and the hail-fellow-well-metedness of the modern flapper. She would tease and sauce and shock and annoy, but back of it all was a general good-naturedness and a willingness to forgive.

Elizabeth associated with all sorts and conditions of people, in fact she was one of the few absolute monarchs who has ever made the people their friends. She elevated to office and showered her favors upon her favorites, except for gross infractions, and even then when she could, she stood by those she liked. Her treatment of Robert Dudley, of the Earl of Essex and of Sir Francis Drake, are examples. On the other hand, she expected a reasonable amount of ability in those who served her, but for her ultimate counsel

she reserved such wise men as Walsingham, Bacon and, wisest of all in advice, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, to whom she said, when she made him secretary of state at the beginning of her reign, "This judgment have I of you, that you will be faithful to the state; and, that without respect to my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best." Cecil kept the trust. With these counselors as her equilibrium poles, Elizabeth always managed to keep her balance, no matter how difficult a feat she was performing upon the tightrope of state.

Queen Elizabeth had the distinction of being twice excommunicated by bulls of the pope and although she did more than anyone else to establish Protestantism, she retained the admiration and following of most of the Catholics in her kingdom. Intrigued against by the great intriguers of Europe, she beat them by methods they did not understand. Coming as a young woman of twenty-five to a disorganized and disrupted kingdom she advanced it to the first place among the powers. Facing a people who demanded a direct heir to the throne she made them accept and even glory in her celibacy. Confronted in Scotland with a rival in one of the most beautiful and artful of queens, who was backed by both France and Spain, she outwitted her at every point. In spite of her

vanities and many faults and of the fact that she was a woman, she became one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known.

Elizabeth was slight, neurotic, active, vivacious, and pretty when she ascended the throne, fond of masculine admiration, vain, excessive in dress and in the use of cosmetics, coarse and audacious, but she was devoted to her country, ambitious for her reign, and liberal in her ideas and policies. She could be dignified on occasion, but imagine her court when she took it into her head to curse like a sailor or to be over-affectionate in public to her favorites, or when she boxed Essex's ears, or when she once revealed a strip of her flesh in front of her dress nearly to her waist! One of her suitors she insisted upon calling her monkey, and another her frog, and she did not hesitate, when in high spirits, to punch some dignitary in the short ribs or to tickle Lord Leicester.

Elizabeth was a flirt of the first water and she kept suitors dallying on and on, but she was wise enough to keep out of the sort of importunate complications in which Cleopatra, to her downfall, became involved and we have no reason to believe that Elizabeth did not live and die a virgin, rumors to the contrary nowithstanding. She began her flirtations early. At the age of thirteen she had an affair with Thomas Seymour, the Lord

High Admiral of England and the husband of Henry VIII,'s former wife, Catherine Parr, which caused the jealousy of that lady, her stepmother, during her life. After Catherine Parr's death, which soon occurred, the Lord High Admiral wooed Elizabeth, without the consent of the Council. This was considered treasonable, as Elizabeth was a possible heir to the throne and the Admiral was executed. Elizabeth, now fifteen years old, was so affected by this execution that she became ill of grief and it was thought that she would die. This melancholy was followed by headaches and periods of nervous exhaustion. Soon after Bloody Mary, the queen, fearing a plot to put Elizabeth upon the throne, had her incarcerated in the Tower. Now, a fellow prisoner at the Tower, was the handsome youngster, Robert Dudley, whose age was to the day and even the hour, it is said, that of Elizabeth's. Although Robert was the son of a man recently executed as a traitor, here started the great historical romance which kept up through most of Elizabeth's reign. On her becoming queen he was her favorite and in spite of his being accused of having murdered his wife, of his failure in the Netherlands campaign in which the knightly Sir Philip Sidney was killed, of disobedience to orders, of the jealousy of many of her court, of his marrying the

second time out of spite because of Elizabeth's flirtation with Alençon, and of her many love affairs, she always retained him as favorite,—made him Earl of Leicester and treated him with such affectionate familiarity that it caused scandalous comment. She gave him every honor he desired—except her hand.

With Alençon, young brother to the King of France, she flirted for eleven years and finally dismissed him with a poem of her own composition, for Elizabeth was something of a poetess, as follows:

"I grieve yet dare not show my discontent,
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote, but dare not what I ever meant,
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do prorate;
I am and am not; freeze, and yet I burn,
Since from myself my other self I turn.
My care is like my shadow in the sun—
Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it,
Stands and lives by me, does what I have done;
This too familiar care doth make me rue it,
No means I find to rid him from my breast
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

"Some gentler passion steal into my mind
(For I am soft, and made of melting snow)
Or be more cruel, Love, or be more kind,
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

Elizabeth not only flirted with various other suitors, but sometimes even with the ambassadors of suitors. The queen grieved mightily and locked herself in her room at the death of Leicester, who was poisoned, shortly after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, probably by enemies at court. But her philandering, although she was past middle age, did not cease. The next love and favorite was the Earl of Essex, stepson of Leicester. This young man, about half the good queen's age, soon had his head turned by the favors and the affection she showered upon him. Although courageous and popular, he was poor in judgment and rash in action. He probably had a chronic tendency toward mania which made him believe he could dare where others dared not, and he frequently imposed upon the queen. He made a fiasco in trying to suppress the rebellion in Ireland and he rushed back to London to explain. Unannounced and covered with mud he burst into the queen's bedroom while she was in negligee and had her hair down, but she forgave him for this intrusion, although she punished him for his incompetency. Once he turned his back to the queen during an argument and Elizabeth boxed his ears. Essex half drew his sword, a mortal offense to a sovereign, but she punished him mildly and again forgave him. At length he raised an insurrection and marched on

the palace. For this he was arrested and condemned. For the sake of the state, and Elizabeth loved the state above all of her lovers and more than all of her other interests, she signed his death warrant. But her grief and mental anguish were so great that she never completely recovered, although she afterward, now an old woman and frail in health, tried to divert herself with Sir Walter Raleigh. She still put on her high-laced collars, roped herself in pearls, rouged her face, forced her spirits, demanded flattery and kept up her flirtations to the bitter end.

One of the most subtle dramas of history is the matching of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, against Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England. Both were attractive, both were cultured, both were self-assertive, both possessed dignity, both were daring, both believed in the divine rights of kings and queens and each mistrusted the other. Mary was Catholic, Elizabeth was Protestant; Mary's chief ambition was the advancement of Mary, Elizabeth's main ambition was the advancement of England; Mary murdered for self-indulgence, Elizabeth only murdered for reasons of state; Mary, in love affairs, required amour's conclusion, Elizabeth gloried in dalliance; Mary put her trust in cliques, Elizabeth trusted in the people of her kingdom; Mary's foil was her feminine bodily

attractions and graces; Elizabeth's armor was feminine intuitiveness and wit. Both Mary and Elizabeth feared and despised one another which is the same as saying that they recognized the powers and attractions of each other. Both of these cousin-queens disseminated toward one another to make the appearance of affection take place of the reality of their malice.

In this game of queens, Elizabeth was the master player, she laid her traps with greater astuteness and her moves were more adroit. Mary's traps were all discovered or went off at the wrong time and her moves lacked finesse and were readily checkmated by Elizabeth. So Mary lost her head both figuratively and literally. But posthumously Mary won the rubber, hands down, by the accession of her son to the English throne, by the house of Stuart coming to replace the house of Tudor and by the fact that she descends through history adored as a beautiful and queenly martyr.

Above all of her other qualities was Elizabeth's statecraft. She was brainy, intelligent, cautious, and patient. At home she was a friend of the people, not afraid of the people and her people loved her and were not afraid of her regardless of their policies or religion. Abroad, matching her wits with Philip of Spain, Catherine de Medici and Henry of Navarre, she was a cunning diplomat,

unscrupulous when she deemed it expedient, now using treaty rather than force, now relying upon pure logic and reason, now enticing and delaying by dangling her precious self in the matrimonial market, now using piracy to annoy the enemy and to replenish her depleted coffers, now changing her mind, now obstinately sticking to her purpose, now aiding her schemes or her friends by the loan to other nations of men and money rather than by alliance, always avoiding war, always planning, always patching, always building, always protecting England and English interests.

The Elizabethan era of culture was not of Elizabeth's making but it marked the appearance in England, a little late to be sure for cultural things traveled slowly in those days, of the general Renaissance. Elizabeth's rôle is that she heightened the Renaissance in England with the genius of statesmanship.

In denominational religion, chiefly through policy, Elizabeth was a Protestant and she made Protestantism permanent in England. In the larger sense she was undoubtedly religious and she thought she believed and trusted in God, whom she must frequently have provoked but to whom she appealed in prayer and to whose care she committed her greater undertakings after having,

first, however, taken the precaution of consulting Lord Cecil.

To say, as has been said, that such a woman as was Elizabeth was highly masculine is a mistake. No woman with masculine propensities could have kept up the life-long flirtations that she maintained, no man could have handled Mary, Queen of Scots, in the manner that Elizabeth did, no man would have been reduced to tears, both genuine and feigned, as frequently as Elizabeth was and no man could have kept his country out of the embroilment of wars as did Elizabeth. True, Elizabeth was not of the maternal type of woman but she was of the type that was in youth the fascinating flapper who, as age advanced, became the shrewd and far from unattractive old maid.

Elizabeth, the woman of bad heredity, who ascended the throne at England's darkest moment, who signed the execution of her cousin-queen and rival, who winked at and profited by piracy, who swore and flirted, who decorated her person to the point of ridiculousness and who died a vain old maid without making provision for succession to her throne, still stands out, after over three hundred years, a great monarch with a genius for statesmanship. And in statecraft who dare name her peer?

## CHAPTER XIII

# Catherine the Great—Malingerer

OF all the countries of Europe the one whose people, customs, policies and language are hardest to understand, and whose episodes have been the most tragic, is Russia. Prior to Peter the Great, the Russians were a barbarous people; but still there lay dormant in those who were to become the tall, thin aristocrats and to some extent also in the huge, dull serfs, qualities of culture and appreciation of higher things in the upper classes and a desire for self-expression beneath a sense of inherent strength in the lower classes. No Renaissance ever burst upon Russia and she has been for two centuries in the throes of an evolutionary process, rather than a new birth, the eventuality of which, even at present, is uncontemplatable.

Out of the heavy mystery of Russia, out of her vastness and her blinding snows, out of the dull, sordid strength of her people came a man of vision, a giant of frame, a leader with an awakened brain, Peter the Great. He was Russia's first embodiment of her latent hopes and desires, but

he incorporated also her cruelties and her vices. Peter the Great saw that his country's most urgent need was an outlet to the sea and this he obtained for her; he saw that there should be a city by the sea and he built St. Petersburg; he saw that the people required a strong hand to rule them and he ruled them by autocratic ukases; he saw that the government must be perpetuated and he established a dynasty.

Catherine I, Peter the Great's wife, succeeded him upon the throne. She was the daughter of a Lithuanian yeoman and she had followed Peter in all of his campaigns. Because of what is said to have been an innocent flirtation with William Mons, Peter had this gentleman decapitated, and his head preserved in spirits and placed in the apartments of the empress without, however, interrupting the happy relations of himself and his wife. But there are recorded no more flirtations. Catherine I reigned only two years before she died, but during that time she contributed to the Government of Russia by forming a supreme privy council or cabinet.

But little progress was made by Peter II, the grandson of Peter and Catherine, and he was followed after a reign of two years by Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter the Great.

Elizabeth was large, domineering, eccentric and

grossly immoral, but capable. She gloried in jewels, in the establishment of a magnificent court, in giving more freedom and education to women and in putting the orthodox church upon a firm foundation. Having no legitimate children of her own she determined to make her nephew her successor and to choose his mate for him. The adoption of this nephew, who after her death became Peter III, was a great mistake and the choice of his spouse, who eventually turned out to be Catherine the Great, may or may not have been, according to how one looks at it, a greater mistake.

The pseudonym, The Great, gives the possessor an enormous historical importance, whether it is deserved or not.

A matured woman wrote the memories of her youth. In it she related how a little ugly duckling of a German girl, called by her intimates Fike, was born of a rather insignificant and poor German prince whom she respected, and of a scheming, hysterical German princess, whom she neither loved nor admired. At the age of seven Fike began to take notice and do a little scheming for herself and before the age of fifteen she, under the tutelage of her mother, had wormed herself into the notice of the Empress Elizabeth as a prospective bride for her nephew and heir, the Grand Duke Peter. Having succeeded in delivering her daugh-

ter to the Empress Elizabeth the mother got into the bad graces of that lady and faded into insignificance. But the ugly duckling was now becoming pretty, which fact, together with an inordinately growing ambition, plenty of gray matter and these rules of procedure:—to please her consort, to please the Empress Elizabeth and to please the nation—she was amply able to take care of herself in the situation without maternal aid. Accordingly she changed her name from Sophia Augusta Frederica of Anhalt-Zerbst to Catherine Alexeyeona; she changed her Lutheran religion to that of the orthodox Greek Catholic Church and she changed her ideas from German to Russian. Then this hardboiled little virgin was ready to marry the imbecilic Grand Duke of Russia.

Purposely subservient she bore for many years Elizabeth's espionage, the practical imprisonment imposed upon her and the Grand Duke's impotency, his restless pacing to and fro and his everlasting playing with dolls and toy soldiers. She crouched at the foot of the throne and allowed herself to be ruthlessly trodden upon, but she kept her weather eye upon that mighty seat, ready to spring up and occupy it as soon as an opportunity presented itself. In the meantime she prepared herself to hold it by reading Machiavelli and by

shrewdly observing the moves upon the political checkerboard of Europe.

The Empress Elizabeth passed on, and Catherine outwardly grieved greatly. For half days at a time she wept copiously at the bier of the woman for whose death she had waited so long with fervent anticipation. The Grand Duke, being exceedingly simple, made no bones of his joy at the death of his aunt. Catherine had already given birth to two illegitimate children. The first child by an obscure father she was, without difficulty, induced to conceive in order that the people might be hoodwinked into believing that he was the proper heir to the throne, but the father of the second child, a man of her own choosing, was the handsome Gregory Orlov, one of five brothers, powerful in the army, all of whom might prove useful to her.

Peter III was at last emperor and he paid very little attention to Catherine, but she paid a great deal of attention to him, the kind of attention that a cat pays to a mouse. One day at a public dinner this half-idiot called Catherine a fool. She swallowed the insult with her food and gained the admiration of the court for self-control. But having gained that, she conferred with the Orlov brothers. The time had come to act. Peter was

coming to Peterhof with his court to celebrate his name-day and there Catherine awaited him, but she had pledged the regiments, through the Orlovs, and thirty officers, to her support. Peter was simply kidnapped and put at a country house at Ropcha under the gentle care of Alexis Orlov, the hardest man in the Russian army. Within a week Alexis had murdered him and sent a complete confession to the Empress. Her wisdom dictated to her to keep this act a secret and it was simply given out that the Emperor had died of some unviolent trouble. She had let him reign six months and she buried him with due pomp and ceremony.

Empress now in fact, Catherine endeavored to outstrip Elizabeth in the magnificence of her court. She is said to have spent $60,000,000 upon her favorites. Letters addressed to "Her Majesty" were returned unopened with instructions that they must be addressed "Her Imperial Majesty." Much of the brilliancy attributed to her was due to her having given rich gifts and pensions to Voltaire and to various encyclopedists in return for the most unwarranted flattery. Even the letters she is said to have written Voltaire were the composition of Shuvalov.

Catherine's memoirs and other writings are bright and interesting but they are not literature.

She wrote a great code of laws, mostly purloined, which the senate, even with the knowledge that she was sitting behind the scenes, only adopted in part. She refused to tolerate anything but the orthodox religion or to give freedom to the serfs. She failed to recognize family ties and she took no maternal interest in her five children. In spite of her many lovers and favorites, the English ambassador wrote of her that "she was a stranger to love." She was an inconsistent and unsystematic ruler and her method, if she may be said to have had any, was to be influenced by "circumstances, conjectures, and conjunctions." She made peace with Frederick the Great and kept on good terms with him, although she never liked him, by sending this gourmand watermelons from Astrakhan and grapes from Crimea, caviar and starlet. Having gained his friendship she inveigled him into her pet scheme. She had her Polish lover, Poniatovski, who did not wish the honor, elected King of Poland. This was done by disreputable election methods backed by the presence of soldiers. She then intrigued with Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa and the three of them relieved Poniatovski of the kingship he had never desired and partitioned Poland among themselves. This is one of history's greatest outrages and it is

worthy of note that Catherine somehow got the largest share, which fact can not be attributed to honor among these thieves.

It has been said in extenuation of her many faults and inconsistencies, that Catherine had a genuine love for Russia, the country of her adoption, and of the Russian people. When she ascended the throne she made a great noise about conquests, but she made an unnecessary peace with Prussia, she failed to drive the Turks from Europe as she had boasted she would, she let Sweden defeat her when she need not have done so and she lost interest in the army except as a means of the exploitation of some favorite as commander. And, as far as the people were concerned, she failed, even with the light of the French revolution before her, to give the Russian people more liberty or more education; she punished them in as barbaric a manner as many of her predecessors had done and she married her son and heir, Paul, successively to two German, not Russian, princesses. Defying every moral convention, Catherine lived to be sixty-eight years of age, and left Russia to be ruled by her bastard son, Paul, who was almost as great an imbecile as Peter III. She began her reign, thin and fascinating, as a usurping strumpet and at her demise, still a strumpet but

grown fat and silly, she left Russia with nothing to which to point with pride. Catherine rose to power by pretense, by subservience, and by connivance at the murder of her husband, and she maintained her sovereignty by immorality, by artifice, and by deception. Catherine the Great was a great humbug.

## CHAPTER XIV

# Goldsmith the Tramp

HERE was an Irishman, who, as a boy at home and at school, was pronounced a dunce and a dullard, who entered college the last of the entrants, who was expelled and reinstated during his college course and who graduated, eventually, the last in his class.

Here was a man who had no fixity of purpose, who started to study for the ministry but whom the bishop refused as poor material, who then turned to the law only to turn away again, who next tried medicine and went to Edinburgh but could not graduate, who attempted teaching but who was not even a successful usher and who at last took up literature and was for years an unknown hack-writer.

When Oliver Goldsmith left Edinburgh ungraduated he took his flute and wandered over Europe mostly as a vagabond. He was not even an efficient flute player, but he did manage to return to England with a medical diploma of very doubtful origin. Several times he attempted to practice medicine but he was never a success, and,

finally, when he wrote a prescription for a lady which the apothecary said was uncompoundable and which the lady said she would not take, he threw up the practice of medicine entirely.

As a hack-writer he became so poor in purse that he lived in the meanest part of London always in debt, slovenly in dress, ugly in appearance, unloved and unknown until he was nearly forty years of age. At forty-six he died as the best known writer of his time, the friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of David Garrick, and of Edmund Burke.

Goldsmith has always been, and, in great likelihood will always remain, greater than his reputation. In *The Vicar of Wakefield* he has given the English language one of its best novels, in *She Stoops to Conquer* he presented one of its greatest plays and in *The Deserted Village* he has produced one of its finest poems. Who else has climbed the peaks in these three great divisions of English literature? In these masterpieces, as in many other less important writings, Goldsmith simply told his experiences and observations, but he told them more charmingly and in better English than anyone else has ever told the every-day happenings of their lives and herein lies the genius of this vagabond, this buffoon, this bankrupt.

Tramps are shy creatures except among their

kind. They work only for the necessary crust and if they get more they dissipate it or give it away. They are never satisfied with things as they are. They are proud of any little social recognition although they may be embarrassed by it, but they prefer low company. They dress in tatters, but on occasion bedeck themselves gaudily. They do not recognize obligation, nor do they expect gratitude when they give away their last penny. They are sensitive to ridicule but they often glory in making themselves ridiculous. They make obeisance to the fair sex, but they are not lovers or husbands. They do not object to a row but they despise a fight. The tramp nature is always contradictory and often elusive.

But there is another side to the vagabond character. They love the road and the things on the side of the road. They love the sky and the air and the distant view. They understand the songs of the bird and the habits of the chipmunk, and sweet to their nostrils is the scent of the grass and of the leaves. The children at play are a joy to them for they are themselves children who have never grown out of their childhood, and old people remind them of their parents whom they have not seen for so many years. A bit of a scene, a snatch of a song or a light in a window brings back to them memories of long ago and when

they are not engaged in sleep or in enforced, though temporary, labor, or in dissipation, or in buffoonery they are continually linking their present with their early impressions.

And when, because a tramp is too footsore and weary, too sick or too old, he retires from his vagabond profession to be sustained by his family, or friends, or to live in an almshouse, it is not of the experience of itinerant life of which he delights to talk, but of those he knew and of those who knew him in childhood's hours. We might have other Oliver Goldsmiths if tramps had the genius to express themselves in writing. This recalls the recently published and delightful *Trader Horn.*

Do not let us pity Goldsmith. But few men have enjoyed life more or had a happier nature. His disappointment at his failures was only momentary, and these very failures fed his humor both in conversation and in his writings. He knew not the value of, and cared not a whit for money and he had a good deal of it at times. When he had money he gave it away or arrayed himself in gaudy attire of which he took no care in the keeping, or he would give a boisterous party. If he did not have enough money for a beggar or a sponger he simply gave him all he had and that was the end of it. If he did not have money enough

for the clothes he wore or the party he gave he let the other fellow worry. His landlady he would scold if she bothered him about the rent.

Goldsmith loved to play with children and to indulge in horse play with grown-ups. He spent days in wandering in the country with friends not too choice. He belonged to two social sets, one consisting of the hoodlums of Fleet Street and of The Jolly Pigeon and the other comprising the literary elite of The Literary Club and Devil's Tavern. Undersized, insignificant, and ugly, he would get a gold-headed cane, pink shorts, a green velvet coat trimmed in gold braid and strut around like a painted pelican trying to play peacock, and thoroughly enjoy himself. At times he lived in squalor and a neighboring young wench would come in and ask for her mother "to borrow a chamberpot full of coal," and next he would visit Northumberland House and live for the time being in the lap of the luxury of a wealthy English country house.

In writing he would undertake anything that was offered. Thus he wrote, among other things, a *History of England* distinguished chiefly for its plagiarism; a *History of Rome* which was not distinguished for anything in particular and a natural history which he called *Animated Nature*

of which Dr. Johnson said that Goldsmith showed that he did not know the difference between a horse and a cow. But Goldsmith knew what was his real work and into *The Vicar of Wakefield, The Traveler, The Deserted Village, She Stoops to Conquer, The Good Natured Man* and a few others he threw his real self and he regarded this self-expression with simple-hearted, rather than vain, admiration and awe.

Goldsmith took two tours to the continent of Europe, the first one as a vagabond in company with his flute, traveling on foot, beating his way, the second in style, as the traveling tutor of two beautiful English girls and their mother, people of culture and of wealth, who were traveling in coaches and stopping at the best hotels. With the younger of the young ladies, Mary Horneck, whom he or someone else nick-named the Jessame Bride, Goldsmith is supposed, by Washington Irving and others, to have been in love. But it must have been rather "a cat may look at a queen" affair which was certainly not encouraged by the Jessame Bride at the time, although she is said to have bragged about it when she was an old woman in the eighties. There is not a line in any of Goldsmith's writings to indicate that his heart was entangled.

In company Goldsmith made many blunders; he was the butt of many practical jokes and he was frequently rebuffed for his silly talkativeness. Only occasionally he got down to real conversation or into creditable repartee with Dr. Johnson and his other talented associates. Dr. Johnson saw Goldsmith's literary merit and always befriended and praised him and considered him his special literary "find." Boswell, the leech, sneered at him. Sir Joshua Reynolds treated him as an equal and a friend. Edmund Burke patronized him as a fellow Irishman. David Garrick, the brilliant, cocky little popinjay, never really liked him.

Buffeted by fortune but accepting hardships with courage and good spirit, irregularly fed, drinking at times to excess, personally unhygienic even for a doctor, frail and nervous Oliver Goldsmith became ill and passed away at the early age of forty-six. A good deal was made of his death, partly through sentimental sympathy because he died heels over head in debt and partly from recognition of his great literary merit. A statue of him was erected in Westminster Abbey, that high resting place in which Great Britain has paid her score to many a starved genius. The epitaph was written by Dr. Johnson. In spite of these honors

Goldsmith has never been properly appreciated by the public. He is certainly one of the greatest of the noble galaxy of English men of letters. Whatever may have been the personal faults and limitations of Goldsmith his heart was of gold and in his brain was set "a gem of purest ray serene."

## CHAPTER XV

# Beethoven's Emotional Instability

NO talent is generally considered so directly inherited as a talent for music, even certain nations are said to be musical nations. It is difficult, however, to determine in the development of a real musician the part played by early musical association, and the effect of early musical technical training, as opposed to heredity. Perhaps certain nervous system pathways of sound appreciation have been so frequently used by the ancestry that their reproduction becomes easier in the descendants of musicians, or perhaps not. But neither association nor training in the ancestry, or in the individual for that matter, will make a great musical composer, for this ability is an inherent, creative quality. The composition of music expresses the temperamental personality of the composer just as accurately as his literary work expresses the personality reactions of the author. We cannot give out that which we do not possess.

The question, also, has arisen as to whether there exists a musical center in the brain. Everyone has in each temporal lobe, but developed

almost entirely in the left hemisphere in right-handed individuals and greatly used by educated man, four associated centers which are commonly known as the word-hearing, the word-seeing, the word-writing and the word-speaking centers. An elaboration or extension of these centers for musical composition might give us the nomenclature of the note-hearing, the note-seeing, the note-writing and the note-reproduction centers. We have no evidence that there are separate centers for music. It is possible, however, that the associated speech centers of the opposite hemisphere to the one used, which are largely dormant, might be developed for music, but I know of no evidence that they are so developed. What bearing, if any, the status of the pituitary body has upon music is unknown but I have never seen a great creative musician, nor studied the records of one, that I was not impressed with the fact that there were manifestations present of a changed pituitary secretion.

Something over a hundred years ago there lived in Vienna a stocky, homely man whose hair was bushy, whose beard grew up to his eyes, who was frequently unkempt, who had poor health, who was arrogant, who was eccentric, and who was deaf. His birthplace was Belgium and he had spent his childhood there. Many of his people had

been minor musicians. They had all been poor. His mother had been a woman of no particular accomplishment or force of character and had died of tuberculosis. His father and his maternal grandmother had been notorious local drunkards. This man was Ludwig Beethoven.

It has been hinted that Beethoven's deafness and idiosyncrasies were probably due to syphilis, but no evidence, clinically or from the autopsy of his brain, can be adduced of this disease. From all the descriptions, he had middle-ear deafness, which was associated with asthma, bronchitis, cirrhosis of the liver and ascites (dropsy) and in all probability the whole vicious circle was inaugurated by naso-pharyngeal (tonsil and adenoid) infection early in life. Again, Beethoven's mental, or rather temperamental, aberrations were not those of paresis (syphilis) but in reality those of congenital emotional instability aggravated by circumstance and by deafness.

Beethoven's drunken father had exploited him at home as a musical prodigy by understating his age by two years, and the boy, until after maturity, thought himself two years younger than he really was. The father would go home drunk at midnight, pull the boy out of bed and make him play the piano until breakfast, or the boy would be sent to the public house to bring the father

home. The neighbors had seen the boy practicing and at the same time weeping under his paternal instruction. When sixteen he had been sent to Vienna where he played for Mozart who predicted that the world would hear from him. After three months he was called to the deathbed of his mother. Following this he contracted smallpox and his round and already homely face became pitted. He studied irregularly under several tutors and held various positions on pitifully small salaries. At the age of twenty-two he returned to Vienna, this time to live there until his death.

The glimpses we get of Beethoven's childhood show emotional instability and, with his heredity and his cares, no wonder it continued. Trifles made him happy, slight reverses made him miserable. He kept himself involved in love affairs with one woman after another. He would become easily offended, he would quarrel, he would have violent fits of anger. Within a few years he changed his lodgings sixteen times because of disagreements. At times he was seclusive, unsociable, impolite, abrupt, rude, but at other times he was gay, hospitable, interested, thoughtful, kind and patient. He was largely controlled by moods and his moods varied with kaleidoscopic rapidity.

Beethoven was so disagreeable in restaurants that his table was frequently avoided by acquaint-

ances and he had been known to throw dishes at the waiter. Haydn, when his instructor, called him the "Grand Mogul" because he was so arrogant and so obdurate. Goethe called him "an utterly untamed personality" but excused him because of his deafness. One day the Empress passed Goethe and himself. Goethe bowed low and uncovered his head; Beethoven did neither. The Empress' politics at that time did not agree with his. But ill temper did not last with him. After a spell of anger he would bitterly reproach himself and if he had given offense he usually did not rest until he had made full retribution. He despised his sister-in-law and had a long lawsuit for the possession of her son but when he found she was in need, without her knowledge, he largely contributed to her support.

But Beethoven had a sense of humor. He enjoyed coarse jokes and laughed heartily over comical situations. On one occasion, in company, a young lady exclaimed, "What a beautiful brow he has!" "Well, then kiss it," said Beethoven who had overheard her. Walking one day with Goethe while on a visit to him, the poet expressed annoyance at having to bow and lift his hat to so many people who showed him deference. "Do not worry," said Beethoven, "they evidently intend their salutations for me." He nick-named his sis-

ter-in-law whose nocturnal philanderings were well known, "The Queen of Night." When he left the home of his patron, Prince Lichnowsky, where he had been treated with great courtesy and hospitality, he was asked why he had left. "I had to come home and dress and shave for dinner," said Beethoven, "and I couldn't stand that!" There was truth as well as humor in this reply.

On occasion Beethoven dressed with scrupulous neatness in immaculate collar and tie, white waistcoat and white trousers, shiny brass buttons, his hair brushed back and his face carefully shaven but the next time he would be disheveled, unshaven, expectorating on the floor or on the furniture, walking about with his body bent forward, his head thrown up, his pockets stuffed with note books, carpenters' pencils, loose papers and an ear trumpet. Ever and anon he would stop, take out a huge pencil and a notebook and write musical notes which were to resound down the ages.

Beethoven's deafness came on gradually when he was about twenty-five years of age, in the left ear first and then also in the right, and it was accompanied by blowing and ringing sounds. His deafness was evidently due to chronic *otitis media* (infection of the middle ear) for his acoustic nerve which lies deeper in was not affected and he could appreciate sound through bone-conduction.

As he became more deaf he used a rod against the piano with a cross piece on which he pressed his forehead to catch the sound by the vibrations against his skull. His deafness increased his emotional instability and made him seclusive and resentful. "Think," he exclaimed, "that I am losing that sense which I, of all others, should have to the greatest perfection!" But deafness had its compensation in the ability that it gave him to concentrate—the deaf Beethoven heard, by abstraction, sounds which were inaudible to others.

Beethoven, naturally egotistic, became more and more so. If the seat assigned him at a banquet was not sufficiently prominent to suit him he left without saying a word or touching a morsel. He was frequently very independent in his actions and haughty in his demeanor. In money matters he became penurious and miserly. He haggled with his publishers. He was so suspicious of being cheated by publishers that he did not hesitate at times to palm off inferior and immature compositions upon them and to demand good prices. He hoarded what he could of these earnings. On the other hand, Beethoven was the first great musician to become independent of patrons and to demonstrate that by musical composition alone one could make his own living. And the money that he hoarded he left to a nephew whom he loved and

whom he spoiled and who, in no way, did him credit or returned his affection.

No description of Beethoven could be complete without mention of his love affairs. Homely as he was he had a certain fascination for women and if his success with them was not complete it was because he placed his affections upon those higher than himself in the social scale—a state of affairs hard to appreciate in these halcyon days! Beethoven was no gay Lothario but a sincere and devoted lover as long as a particular affair lasted. However, he changed his lady loves with remarkable celerity. As a minor cord, however, the love of one of these women ran through his life. Before he came to Vienna, Beethoven had several affairs of the heart and then shortly after his arrival in Vienna he met Julietta Guiacciardi. Although she married someone else, and in spite of the fact that he had several flames subsequent to her, she, and she alone, was the love of his life. To her inspiration we owe the *Moonlight Sonata*. After his death, the letter to the "Immortal Belovèd" and a beautiful and treasured miniature of her were found among his effects. The emotions stirred by her found final expression in that ever-enduring acme of musical composition, the *Ninth Symphony*. Nor did this lover's emotion find expression only in music. It has been said

that Beethoven had no literary taste or ability, but in his love-letters to Julietta are expressions hardly surpassed in the love-letters of any language. In one beginning "My angel, my everything, myself," he writes: "Oh, God! Look at lovely Nature and bend your heart to what must be—love demands everything, and rightly: it is so for me with you, for you with me; only that you forget so easily that I must live for myself to live for you. If we were together united you would feel this pain as little as I do." In another letter to her he writes, "What a life, thus, without you, pursued by the kindness of men here and there, kindness that I seek as little as I believe I deserve it. The subservience of man before man—it hurts me—and if I consider myself in my relation with the universe, what am I and what is he who is called very great?" In another letter: "My thoughts already throng toward you, my immortal belovèd, this way and that, joyous and then sad, awaiting of destiny that it shall grant our prayers; I can live only entirely with you or not at all; yes, I have resolved to go far away until I can fly to your arms, say to myself that I am near you and elevate my soul, surrounded by you, to the spiritual realm—yes, alas; . . ."

And Beethoven wrote his personality and his unstable emotions, the whole variability of his

personality, the whole gamut of his emotions, into his music—he wrote his life from his poverty and his misery to his association with the great of the world, his contempt for men to his adoration for women, his thoughts of suicide to his exuberance of life, his silent moments and his ecstasies, his coarseness and his refinement, his hatred and his love, his resentment and his tolerance, his arrogance and his humility, his passion and his gentleness, his earthliness and his divination, his still waters and his cataracts. Through it all, in the background, ran, now advancing now receding, the note of the "Immortal Belovèd," the ideal and the human, obliterated at times, intangible at others, on occasion unattainable—celestial!

And when he died and forty thousand people of Vienna turned out to his funeral, the "Immortal Belovèd," the still beautiful Julietta, tickled herself with the feather of her quill and wrote a friend to this effect: "He was an ugly and tiresome lover, this Beethoven."

## CHAPTER XVI

# Napoleon the Lady

THE appeal of Napoleon!

One can hardly enter a drawing-room without seeing a picture or a bust of Napoleon, or glance at a private library without discovering a book based upon his life, or have a conversation in which greatness, genius, or accomplishment is mentioned that the name of Napoleon is not called. The lure of Napoleon's personality is so impressed upon every country of Europe that one hears his name more often than that of any other man. A century after his death, the descendants of those who hated him most are among his greatest admirers.

This Italian by birth and sentiment, who hated France, became the idol of the French people to such an extent that he made them discard the republicanism they had won with their blood and elevate him to be their autocratic emperor! This man whose ambition caused the death of millions of their countrymen had dying soldiers rise up and kiss his feet and the hem of his cloak as he rode over them. This poor, undersized, Corsican

boy pulled the monarchs from the thrones of Europe and set his unknown brothers thereupon. This soldier of fortune who strutted in the footsteps of Alexander and Cæsar and who lived to lose all his conquests, and, who, by the worst of judgment, lost half a million men in Russia, and who was banished to Elba, and who returned to regain his power for a hundred days to lose it at Waterloo, and who was sent to St. Helena, a menace to the world, eventually died to have his tomb in Paris become the shrine of the hero-worshipers of all countries.

A bluffer, a trickster, and a prodigious liar, the thief of treasures and of countries, a man to whom no covenants of church or state were sacred, Napoleon inspired confidence as few men have ever done. Unmoral, unreligious, and unrighteous, Napoleon advocated and demanded the observance of the principles of morality, religion, and uprightness. He overlooked the delinquencies of Josephine, he kept the rascal Talleyrand in office for fifteen years and he made Fouche, a thief, Chief of Police, because these things suited his personal convenience. But he scolded the ladies of his court if they were not modestly dressed, he held his quartermasters accountable for every ration and he demanded that his underlings pay their personal bills—because,

also, these things suited his convenience. Unmoved, he could see an army corps, owing to his own blunder, decimated, but he would stop and pet a sick dog. An opportunist of indefatigable labor and action, wearing out those who worked with him, he would, at other times sit inert for hours and lose a battle, or pace the floor rather than open the door even when opportunity was knocking.

It has been said that Napoleon was a remarkable judge of men, but Ney, Marmont, and many of the marshals he had made, deserted him when fortune failed him; he banished his most brilliant and useful brother, Lucian, and he allowed Talleyrand and Fouche to betray him. In truth he made but few men that both he and they did not live to rue the day he had made them.

It has been said that Napoleon possessed great courage. Brave and daring he undoubtedly was, as his many exposures upon the battlefield will amply attest, but one can hardly successfully contend that Napoleon was courageous. Toward the end of his career his exposures in battle were probably because he courted death. When his Egyptian campaign began to go badly he deserted his army and slipped back to Paris. He left the remnant of his distressed retreating army after the disastrous Russian campaign and went to Paris. He left his

beaten army after Waterloo and went to Paris. At last, finding things too hot for him, in disguise, he left Paris and turned up at the sea and gave himself to the English rather than face the people over whom he had been emperor.

Napoleon has been called a great statesman. It may be that he was, it depends upon how one judges statesmen, but of the many thrones he gathered to establish his dynasty none of them was permanent, his house of cards tumbled, the United States of Europe failed to materialize, and the Code of Napoleon was found to be, not his conception, but the work of three French lawyers.

It has been said by probably his best biographer that Napoleon was neither ambitious nor vain. The answer to this need only be an exclamation mark! The "Man of Destiny" modestly placed his monstrous ambition in the hand of Fate!

By nature and by choice Napoleon was a great actor. His audience was the world; what he said was for effect, his emotions were never genuinely aroused and what he did was for the applause upon which he fed his voracious egotism.

Napoleon had one of the most brilliant of minds and he was able to perform feats of mental concentration and endurance that were astounding. He could read a book in an hour that would

take other men a day, he remembered details all of his life that others had forgotten in a moment, he could dictate on different subjects to four secretaries at one time, he was a remarkable mathematician, he knew history and geography as few have known them and he was a great battle genius.

Why not say Napoleon was a great conqueror, or a great soldier, or a great military genius, rather than say he was a great battle genius? Because a great conqueror organizes the countries conquered into a more or less permanent part of the conquering country; because a great soldier is patriotic, does not sacrifice his men unnecessarily and exhibits a true nobility of character; and because a military genius plans his campaigns to cover his retreats as well as his advances and arranges always to co-operate with his supporting troops. In none of these did Napoleon reach the highwater mark. But Napoleon was a god of battle! He could inspire his men with the highest morale, he knew by intuition how and when to strike, in a moment he could change his battle plan, he could stop a rout and turn it into an attack, he knew the psychology of a pause, of well-placed artillery fire, of the use of massed infantry, of a charge, of expediency, of audacity, of surprise, of colors, of music, of history, of pre-

vious victories, of praise, of rewards, of self exposure to danger and of pose in his personal appearance before his troops.

A plain cocked hat, an old green coat with hand shoved in the front, disheveled hair, a stool at camp fire, a reminiscence,—these are the expressions of his comradeship during a campaign.

"Napoleon!" "I am the man of destiny." "Forty centuries look down upon you." "I shall make you a Marshal of France." "Name your children for me." "Remember Austerlitz!" "Such is my will." These are his battle cries.

The bronze horses of Saint Marco, an obelisk from Egypt, the sword of Alexander the Great, statues and paintings,—these are the evidences of conquests.

Gold embroidered N's everywhere, a crown snatched from the offering hands of the pope, a laurel wreath, jeweled snuff boxes, gorgeous raiment, Malmaison, Fontainebleau, the palace in Paris, a court of brand new nobility. These are the signs of royalty.

Encouragement of art, association with scientists, interest in the theatre, the betterment of schools, the embellishment of Paris. These are to show beneficence and culture.

Offering peace before a battle, forcing marriages, dickering with counsels and with monarchs,

changing from a Corsican to a Frenchman, from citizen to consul, and from consul to emperor, proclaiming the United States of Europe, abdication, re-establishment, downfall again, throwing himself "upon the mercy of the Court" to England. These are examples of diplomacy and statesmanship.

St. Helena, refusing escape, writing a book of campaigns, dictating a will emulating Cæsar's, the few faithful followers, loneliness, disease, suffering, death. These reveal the pitifulness and futility of it all.

And then—inspection of the body at autopsy.

To say that one who raised himself "by his own bootstraps" from an insignificant corporal to one of the greatest, if not the greatest general of all time, was effeminate, sounds preposterous, ludicrous. And when it is further stated that this same individual attained the ability to perform unheard of feats of endurance, to make the world tremble at each of his footsteps and to virtually sit upon half a dozen thrones at one time, one begins to doubt the mental balance of anyone audacious enough to say that the great Napoleon was half lady. Such, however, seems the case.

In truth, not only Napoleon, but all males are partly female, and the reverse. Each sex is bisexual, the difference in masculinity and femininity

being which traits predominate. There are many physical rudimentary characteristics of the female, as the breast, in the male, and the female has genital and other similitudes to the male. Analogies and resemblances between the two sexes do not cease in the physical field, but are carried over into the psychologic, physiologic and sociologic spheres. Psychologically, the will, the emotions, the judgment and the thought processes may be dominantly masculine or feminine and include the individual's reaction to his environment and the effect exerted by the personality projection of the individual upon society.

Should we express bisexuality in terms of per cent we might say that the average male is eighty-five per cent masculine and fifteen per cent feminine and the average woman eighty-five per cent female and fifteen per cent male in her characteristics. Many individuals, however, are not average, and the percentage of masculine and feminine qualities may approach the fifty-fifty ratio.

What about Napoleon? Take any Napoleon portrait and note the scantiness of beard, the eyes, the mouth, the cheeks, all more feminine than masculine. The chin, however, has a masculine heaviness. The brow might belong to either sex.

Napoleon, too, was only five feet, six inches in height.

Now, let us briefly refer to Dr. Henry's report, the English physician who helped to perform the autopsy on Napoleon. The autopsy showed that "there was scarcely any hair on the body, (torso, arms and legs) and that the head hair was thin, fine and silky." The report stated that the genitalia were under-developed, that the skin was noticed to be very white and delicate and that the whole body was effeminate with the muscles of the chest small, the shoulders narrow and the hips wide. The hands were small and plump with tapering fingers, as shown by plaster casts of them still in existence. The feet were small.

Napoleon's *libido* was of the sporadic type and he never consistently loved any woman. His troops had for him not so much the respect, admiration and fear soldiers have had for other generals, but the adoration and the desire to touch him that men have for women. He was moved in daily life, in crises, and in battle by a feminine-like intuition. No woman ever knew better the effect of dress for each occasion or was more particular in the selection of clothes. His taste exhibited in dress extended to exquisite ideas of the decorative. He gloried in being the center of attraction and he used, to the queen's taste, the

method of deception by apparent frankness. His plans and dreams included attention to minute details. He was not at all modest about having his portrait painted, and he flirted with men and with women. He was over particular about public opinion at times and on other occasions he disdained it. He simply loved gossip.

Napoleon's bisexuality seems almost to have initiated a perversion so expansive that it led him to be the flagellator of nations. He would set his eye upon a nation, court her and cajole her, thrash her, subdue her, then embrace her and place her in his international harem.

In the care of his person Napoleon had some peculiarly feminine traits. The lock of hair he habitually hung over his forehead had a close resemblance to a spit-curl. Prolonged hot baths were among the chief joys of his life and he kept his nails manicured and immaculate. Even on the retreat from Russia, when attention to the refinements of the toilet had long since been abandoned by the dandiest of his officers, Napoleon had his elaborate manicure set brought to him and whenever possible had his nails beautified to his satisfaction.

Many of Napoleon's peculiarities have been attributed to epilepsy, but what convulsive and explosive manifestations he had and his frequent

headaches, were of the type that is due to disturbances of the pituitary body, the gland that the disturbance, more than any other, makes for femininity in the male and masculinity in the female. Just as Joan of Arc exhibited physically and temperamentally many of the attributes of the opposite sex, and as Oscar Wilde exhibited many feminine qualities the distortion and perversion of which proved his undoing, so Napoleon, the "Man of Destiny," revealed many of the characteristics of that sex which is said to be more dangerous than the male.

## CHAPTER XVII

# Burns' Inferiority Complex

NO father of a genius has been more loudly or more highly praised for his goodness and righteousness than has William Burns, father of Bobbie the reprobate poet.

We have many pictures of the home life of the poor but proud Burns family ruled over by the exemplary William who was feared and worshiped by the whole family circle. The father struggled to educate his children. He read the Bible to them, he led the family prayers; when he talked his wife and children listened with adoring admiration, and his word was law. He was highly respected by his neighbors, and was the great example of uprightness to the peasantry. His poverty was pitied and his poor success in life was condoned. He thought fairly well of himself, too, did William Burns. One thing that he thought he knew all about, in spite of the fact that he had great difficulty in providing for them, was rearing children. And the children were dutiful, mostly. Woe betide them if they were not!

But there was one thing this good and unsuc-

cessful man would never have understood and that was that while he was unintentionally injuring one of his children by over-discipline and repression he was developing in this child a complex that was eventually to spoil his character but, by its reaction, was to benefit the world through the medium of poetry. Indeed these psychological things are hard for any of us to understand.

Bobbie conformed without conflict to the rigorous Scottish family discipline and to the clannish worship of the father of the family until he was seventeen years of age. After winning, then, an adolescent conflict with his parent he again conformed until just preceding the death of his father when Bobbie was past three and twenty.

Being a boy socially inclined and desiring to attain some of the graces, Bobby, at the age of seventeen, decided to attend dancing school. His father arose against this proposition in the wrath of righteous indignation, but Bobbie was obdurate and to dancing school he went. His father finding his ante raised reacted by throwing his all into the pot. He sent the mother and the sisters and the brothers along with Bobbie, presumably to keep the devil off, but himself he would not go. He might risk soiling the holiness of the rest of the family but he would keep himself pure and above reproach. Except for the thorn in the flesh of the

dancing school episode the family life settled back into its usual dull routine which was not disturbed again until Bobbie was twenty-three years old and had begun going with Richard Brown, from whom he learned about women, and with other companions of whom the head of the house did not approve. As old as he was Bobbie was still continent. He had not gotten on a spree and he had worked on the farm steadily and hard. His poetic output had been only about ten pieces, none of which were of great moment. Nor had he been happy. He thought his father, after the dancing school episode, did not like him and several times, in letters, he had expressed a willingness, amounting almost to a hope, to die. Repression and happiness are not brothers, neither are they cousins.

And then William Burns the father laid himself down to die. The family gathered in reverential love and awe around the death-bed. It was raining outside, and, inside the room, grief and solemnity stifled the air. The father had nothing but advice to bequeath and this he gave to his children in goodly measure dressed with praise for the way in which they had conformed throughout their lives to his admonitions, or at least all had save one. He felt assured of a heavenly reward for all, save one. Bobbie, sitting by the bed, with head in hands, arose and said, rather than asked, "You

mean me, father." "Yes, my son, I mean you," said the dying man. Bobbie turned and walked to the window and gazed long through its small, wet panes upon the dreary world outside. He loved his father and he revered him and he believed him implicitly, although his father had, for his small misdemeanors, lost faith in him. Bobbie had followed the ways of the world a little but he had not yet followed the flesh nor the devil. Still he was lost, his soul was lost. His father himself had told him so, even as his father was leaving to meet his God.

With tears on his cheeks Robert turned to the death-bed and looked toward his father as Brutus must have looked, when rebuked, upon Cæsar, and as Judas must have looked, when singled out from among the twelve, upon Christ. William Burns, the good father, had lapsed into unconsciousness. Nothing more was to be said. Only the moaning and the funeral and the blighted life of the son to be led.

But there was drink to be drunk as solace, and boisterous songs to be sung, and women, bonny wenches, to love, and verse to be written—he could do it,—of Scotland, of lassies, of daisies trodden upon, of routed-out mice and of other things under the sun.

At the age of thirty-seven Robert Burns died.

He had drained his drink from the brim-flow to the dregs; he had sung his throat hoarse and sore; he had loved a hundred lassies; he had fathered their fatherless bairns and he had written his immortal verses and songs, to the glory of Scotland, upon the heart of the world. He was buried near his father.

Let his epitaph show that with his pen dipped into the well of his love for his fellow-man he compensated for his soul.

## CHAPTER XVIII

# Lord Byron's Reverse Reactions

IN the first place, the lame Byron was not club-footed, in spite of the frequent statement to the contrary. He was lame in one leg from birth due to contraction of the muscles of the calf causing a shortening of the tendon of the heel which in turn, was due to a birth injury. This injury was probably a hemorrhage into the cortex of the brain. Whether or not some of his other characteristics were also due to the same brain hemorrhage is conjectural.

Byron's lameness, of which he was very sensitive, was not his only handicap. The blood of the Gordon and of the Byron families was turbulent and tempestuous, with licentiousness, drunkenness, mania and murder pirating in its stream. Byron was an only son of his mother. He was also the only child of his father's second marriage. He had an older half-sister, Augusta, whom he did not meet until he was adolescent. Augusta did not like Byron's mother and evidently instilled this dislike by word of mouth and by correspondence into young Byron until she encouraged in him almost a

hatred of his mother. Nor was this her only indiscretion for she permitted scandal, justly or unjustly, to creep into her relationship with him. After his marriage and his desertion by his wife she kept this wound open by remaining a friend of Lady Byron and by keeping Byron irritated through informing him of his wife's antagonistic attitude toward him.

Byron's father, known as "Mad Jack" Byron, and his mother lived separately. His father he practically did not know and his mother, who raised him, was possessed of the devil's own temper and of very little else except corpulency. Byron said in *Childe Harold,* "my springs of life were poisoned." Thus, when Byron was born the white tongue of Cain was within his mouth.

Byron was fat and he was so sensitive about it that thin he determined to be. So he instituted for himself a régime of violent exercise, and went on a rigorous diet of vinegar and potatoes, taking prolonged hot soaks until he reduced himself some fifty pounds. His corpulency was probably due to an undersecretion of the posterior lobe of the pituitary gland, and during adolescence, according to Symon, he had a tendency toward convulsions, another possible sign of pituitary undersecretion.

Byron was shy and like many shy people he reacted by becoming an egotist and a poser. He

was also high tempered, revengeful, proud and defiant, worshiping personal liberty which he frequently confused with license, and demanding liberty for others. When in solitude he longed for excitement and when in excitement he longed for solitude. Brought up with women he understood women and he but rarely felt at home with men.

With all of these handicaps which he endeavored in one way or another to overcome, he had still another which, in all probability, had more to do with directing the course of his life than any one thing, and that was his love for Mary Charworth. Had he married her he doubtless would have conformed to convention in conduct and have saved himself much censure and suffering, but he would never have been a great poet. Mary Charworth was the daughter of a line who had been ancient enemies of the Byrons. This love affair occurred when she was seventeen and when he was only fifteen years of age. Mary never loved Byron and she married a country squire. But Byron loved her and afterwards he told the story of his love in *The Dream.* Once he overheard someone teasing her about him and he also overheard her reply, "Do you think I care anything about that lame boy?" Byron forgave her but he never forgot and later he wrote *The Deformed Transformed.* In losing Mary he lost the desire

for the guidance of a good woman—no feminine influence mattered much after that. Nothing mattered except conquests which were more involuntary on his part than voluntary, but they tickled his vanity. Why he ever married the wife that he did marry will remain a mystery. She cared nothing for his talent. She did not understand him or try to do so but she bent herself toward making a Puritan of him. Failing in this she left him—deserted him. What a blow to his pride! He tried to get her to take him back, using their child as a lever, but she would have no more of him. So he became more resentful, more shameless and a greater poet.

When things happened to Byron they happened suddenly. Living in Aberdeen from two years of age until he was ten, he was an obscure and poor child, "cutting no great figure at school," and "never being among the fortunate fifty to receive the prizes." Suddenly, when he was ten years old, his estate was translated into a lordship and into affluence. Going to Harrow and to Cambridge he still failed to distinguish himself as a student but shortly afterward, having read a great deal and possessing an inclination toward the writing of verse, he wrote his *English Bards* and *Scotch Reviewers* and as he said, "awoke the next morning and found myself famous." Shortly after he be-

came the idol of English upper society, his puritanical wife left him, and the tongue of scandal turned upon him and drove him from the shores of England. Toward the end when only thirty-seven years of age, satiated with life and wearied of poetry he threw himself with a grand gesture into the cause of the liberty of Greece and he went out like a meteor.

Reducing his corpulency, watching all the details of his toilet and dress, handling himself in society with the grace and poise of a finished actor, he became at once, one of the handsomest and one of the most attractive of men. Women literally threw themselves at the feet of this god —and if he kicked them out of his way they clung to his knees until he yielded. In the actual contact Byron was more sinned against than sinning but in the first instance he attracted them psychologically by the spell of his resistless pose.

Byron wrote two biographies of himself, *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* and the vast majority of his poetry depicted his personal experience. He is the most ego-individualistic of poets but at times he puts himself entirely aside as in *Sardinapolis* and in *The Prisoner of Chillon.* Flow and freedom, wit and wisdom, rancor and resentment mark his descriptive verse with the addition of another element—glow. Byron is never prosaic.

And so "The Glorious Apollo," as he has been called, marched and mocked and posed through life the victim of his handicaps, but he rarely acknowledged that he was their victim. Without intrigue he was a Casanova with the ladies. Apparently unfeeling and debonair he ever carried the image of his first love, Mary Charworth, in his heart. Sensitive always, shy, proud, unhappy, his defense reactions were the reverse of his real inclinations—

> "And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep."

Having writ his name with polluted ink, in clear letters, high upon the scroll of the immortals, having been constant to Mary Charworth in his very inconstancy, and having lolled long in the lap of immorality he, the selfish Byron, unselfishly laid down his life in the arms of that most supreme mistress—the Goddess of Liberty.

## CHAPTER XIX

# John Keats—Self-Made Poet

JOHN KEATS was a diminutive man and referred to himself as being only five feet high. He is said to have been a seven-month child. His father and maternal grandfather were livery stable men and his mother was a frivolous and tuberculous woman who died when Keats was fourteen years of age. Thus Keats had no social, cultural or hereditary background.

Keats did well at school and later was apprenticed to a physician and ere he was of age became a doctor, but he had no fondness for the practice of medicine and gave it up as soon as he could. He became in youth an omnivorous reader and he was ambitious to become a great poet. His early poetry, with the exception of the Chapman's *Homer* sonnet, was exceedingly poor and nearly all of his real poetry was written, after labored self-instruction, during the last few years of his brief life. Of course there is no such thing as a self-made genius, but Keats is the nearest approach to one.

With only a few of his poems did Keats enter

the realm of genius—chiefly the *Eve of St. Agnes,* the *Ode to a Grecian Urn, Lamia* and the *Eve of St. Mark* fragment. One poet may show genius by the elevation of certain emotions, another by the music of his verse, another by the vividness of his picturization and so on. Keats showed it through his sense of color. He is probably the greatest colorist in literature. Had he worked as intelligently and laboriously to become a painter as he did to become a poet he would, undoubtedly, have attained fame as a painter. He was tuberculous and died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-five. Whether the effects of this disease influenced his color sense or had anything to do with his selection of such morbid subjects as a basil-pot being harbored because it contained the head of a lover or a heroine being made of a serpent-woman, it is difficult to say, but it seems reasonable to assume that although disease and drugs cannot create genius, they may influence the trend that genius takes.

John Keats had spells of depression or "blues," as recorded by his brother George and others; he was emotionally unstable and as Holmes states, he would, as a boy, frequently alternate between tears and excessive laughter. Fannie Brawne did not come into his life until late and his love affair with her had very little influence upon his

work. The two never understood each other, neither were happy in their love and had they married and he have lived, in all probability, neither would have been contented.

Like many small men, Keats was ambitious to be counted great and he developed a growing desire, until it became almost an obsession, "to be among the English poets." Criticism hurt, galled and humiliated him to such an extent that he wrote for his epitaph that which is graven on his tombstone in Rome, "His name was writ in water." If he could only realize the esteem in which he is now held! But it would not do for him to realize that much of his fame, like that of many a greater and many a lesser man, rests not so much upon the excellence of his work as upon the psychological fact that the sadness of his youthful death and his discouraged epitaph have created a universal sympathy for him. Long life has killed more great men than has early death. Keats' fame rests, also, upon the further fact that his birthplace was England, where he lived, and that he died in Italy at a time when he, by his youth, by his lonely foreign death and by the comparison his work offered, made a psychologically apt trio with Byron and Shelley which had an attractive appeal to both the sentimentalist and to the scholar.

## CHAPTER XX

# Shelley—Earth and Sky

SHELLEY was very effeminate and as unmoral as a rabbit. One of his amusements as a child was to play in Eden's garb with his sisters and girl cousins whom he induced to wear the same lack of attire. After they became older Shelley could not understand why they would play no longer in the same manner. In Switzerland he proposed that Mary Godwin, Claire Claremont and himself should bathe nude in a stream that they were driving past and when Mary objected, because of the presence of the driver, Shelley could see no obstacle in that! Being effeminate he looked upon women somewhat in the light of companions and they, in turn, seemed to feel an unusual freedom from modesty in his presence. Compunctions stirred him not and he had a way of liberating others from their compunctions.

Nor did Shelley view the male with the usual convention, but he was not homosexual. On his honeymoon with Harriet he took his friend Hogg along with him and later when Hogg made improper proposals to his wife he reacted mildly and

after a brief lapse into coolness he renewed his intimacy with Hogg. Shelley lived in proximate intimacy with Byron on the continent while Byron lived in real intimacy with his sister-in-law, Claire Claremont, who was supposed to be traveling under Shelley's protection, and, when issue came, Shelley wrote Byron warmly congratulating him. But Byron was not over-pleased.

Shelley's friendship for Hogg is hard to comprehend except in the light of the Boswellian propensities of Hogg whose admiration for him greatly tickled his vanity. Byron was rather a Don Juan hero to him whose unconventional life fitted into Shelley's way of thinking. His friendship for Leigh Hunt was more on the "I'll help you if you'll help me" order. His friendship for Williams we know only too little about.

Shelley believed in free love, following the teachings of his second father-in-law, Godwin, but he married twice. We may be sure that in each instance he only submitted to the marriage ceremony to save himself annoyance and to legitimize his children and not because he respected church, law, or custom. Being atheistic he cared nothing for the church; being communistic he respected not the law, and being unconventionalistic he worried not about custom.

Shelley never loved anyone deeply—his father

not at all, his mother only slightly, his sisters for awhile, his children abstractedly, his male friends superficially, and his sweethearts and wives with surprising irregularity. He had affairs with "the sisters of his soul," Harriet Grove, Fannie Imblay, Cornelia Turner, Elizabeth Hitchener, Claire Claremont, Jane Williams and the two women whom he eloped with and afterwards married, Harriet Westbrook and Mary Godwin. Shelley had a penchant for the triune in love matters. After having Hogg on his first honeymoon he invited Miss Hitchener as "sister of his soul" to live with him and Harriet, his wife. When he deserted Harriet and eloped with Mary Godwin he took Mary's half-sister, Claire Claremont along. At one time he invited his deserted wife, Harriet, to come and live with Mary and himself and he lived with Mary and Jane Williams under the same roof.

In appearance Shelley was beautiful, delicate and girl-like. He, as a boy, fought like a girl, scratching and clawing and once when gotten the best of he ran away screaming. He was sensitive, high-strung, æsthetic, untruthful and imaginative. In his poetry, even against protest, he endeavored in *Laon* and *Cythna* to make incestuous love beautiful. He could be cruel and he so miserably deserted Harriet and his children by her that she

committed suicide. Mary who was no mean scholar and writer he loved for her intellectual companionship rather than for her heart or her body and at the last he made her suffer intensely by transferring his affection for her to Jane "Williams."

Shelley was of that pathological type of mind known as præcoid and his conduct disturbances fit into those of this state, but he had flights of the imagination and a means of expressing these flights not common to the præcoid mind—indeed not common to any mental state, normal or abnormal. Shelley lived and wandered in the borderland of insanity. He was known to his family and to their friends as an eccentric child. At school when he would pass groups of boys they would yell, derisively, "Shelley! Shelley!" At Eton and at Oxford he was known as "Mad Shelley." He grew up "against the government," a rebel, and a reformer, and his anarchistic pamphlets came near to getting him into serious trouble. In Ireland he would go to the seashore with Harriet and having put his reform pamphlets in bottles, throw them into the sea with the hopeful delusion that they would float to some distant shore where the inhabitants would find them and that they would reform their countries accordingly. Shelley also

had hallucinations, once to such an extent that he was frightened by seeing his imaginary self.

Another mental aberration is shown by his desire to adopt two girls, four and five years of age, who were to be raised to "know nothing of men or manners until their minds shall have sufficiently matured to enable me to ascertain, when brought into play, what impressions of the world are upon the mind when it has been veiled from human prejudice." He was induced to give up the scheme because, he said, he was unwilling to be the means of exposing two persons to the scorn and obloquy of a world which was unable to understand his motives.

Also, Shelley continually harbored the idea of suicide. He tried to induce Mary Godwin to enter into a suicide pact with him and later, in his rooms in Hatton Garden, he tried to commit suicide by taking opium, but he was brought around by the attentions of a physician. It is said that he always carried with him a pistol for defense and a bottle of laudanum—"that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest."

Three weeks before he was drowned Shelley tried to get a physician to procure prussic acid for him and suicide was evidently in his mind at this time. When he sailed, in the face of a storm, with Williams and a sailor boy on his last voyage it is

doubtful that he made any effort to prevent catastrophe. The little vessel was full-rigged, and, during the storm, a captain afterwards reported that he came within hailing distance of their little craft and that he offered to take them on board but this offer was refused. The captain then suggested that some of their sail should be taken in. Williams he reported tried to respond but Shelley did not.

It would be interesting to know more about Williams and whether both may not have desired death and have started the trip, in spite of warning, in a boat that was known to have been unsafe, with self-destructive intent. Williams had run off with Jane, a beautiful woman and the wife of an officer in India, and he and Jane had come to live in the house with Shelley and Mary. Jane had turned her affections to Shelley who was writing to her most beautiful lyrics and she lived with him under Mary's and Williams' very noses. Despite Mary's liberal views she became utterly miserable at this state of affairs and intensely jealous of Jane. So the two male lovers may have desired to transfer their spirits to other spheres.

At the end Jane and Mary, with conflicting emotions, searched together, and not in vain, the wave-beaten shores of the Mediterranean for the bodies of their men. Shelley's ashes lie in Rome in

the same cemetery as those of Keats. Ariel and Adonis close together.

Shelley should not be judged by his unconventional conduct nor by his mental aberrations but by the height of the flights of his poetic soul up from the earth, through the clouds, past the blue ether, beyond universe and solar system after solar system to the infinite realm of omnipotent beatitude.

Although it was impossible for him to sustain his altitude it is doubtful if ever poet flew so high.

## CHAPTER XXI

# John Randolph of Roanoke—Wrecked by Romance

THERE was born in Virginia, several years before the Revolution, a boy in whose veins ran the blood of Powhatan and Pocahontas, mingled with that of the English cavaliers. This boy became a great orator who used wit, sarcasm and invective to a degree unequaled before or since; he became a letter-writer whose clarity of expression and purity of English challenge any letters published in this country; he became a political leader who fought unswervingly, regardless of party, and at times without party, for self-determination and states' rights. This boy, later, had the courage to beard, in the height of his power, his cousin, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, and to fight three duels, one with Henry Clay, in which he shot into the air. And into this boy's life came romance, at once so bitter and so sweet that his five biographers have barely the temerity to mention it.

When John Randolph was fifteen years of age —a fascinating and precocious youth—he was in

Philadelphia studying medicine for amusement, attending political debates on the adoption of the Constitution for the love of it and galavanting around with a carousing group of gay young bucks for the pure devilment of it. He boarded with a Quaker family and had a *liaison d'amour* with Hester Hargrave, the pretty daughter of his Irish washerwoman, which culminated in his considering it his duty to save the girl from disgrace by the matrimonial route. But he kept this marriage secret. Why his biographers, except Bruce, failed to mention this affair and why Bruce was so chary in his reference to it and apparently failed to recognize its import, is beyond the present writer. The facts in the case have been known to the family for a hundred years. The real importance of this marriage is not the event *per se,* but its bearing upon John Randolph's real romance and its consequent change in his personality.

In his early childhood John Randolph knew Maria Ward of The Hermitage, a plantation half way between Roanoke and the city of Richmond. The romance may or may not have started at this early period. At any rate, after Randolph was grown his attentions to Maria Ward became constant and his love was returned in full measure. She was a beautiful creature, as portraits in

existence of her will amply attest. Her hair was light and wavy, her eyes large and blue, her expression enchanting and her figure lithe and graceful. She sang with a voice of rare quality and accompanied herself on the spinet. She understood John Randolph's moods and knew how to comfort and to soothe him and how to encourage and to inspire him. Often on a summer's night he would sit for hours on the porch, at the parlor window, devouring her with his eyes while she played and sang. Many times, in the garden, they would sit and talk the whole day long, until she knew his every thought and every experience—save one. And this one gnawed at his very vitals. It was the one barrier to perfect happiness, but it was insurmountable. How had he allowed himself to pay court to this noble girl? How and when should he break her heart, and his? What would become of each of them? Divorce was out of the question, as the first girl was a Roman Catholic and had years ago returned to Ireland. Divorce, too, would not in any way have solved the problem, for he had wooed and won Maria without telling her of the Philadelphia escapade; he had deceived her and in his own judgment he was unworthy of her. Her sensitive nature and high ideals would not allow her to marry him, he knew. It seemed hopeless, and still—

The situation became intolerable. So he told her one night, in the same parlor, by the spinet. It was after midnight when he left. He jumped his horse and rode through the woods and fields, over fences, until sun-up, frightening negroes in their sleep as he crashed past their cabins and winding his favorite horse—he, who loved horseflesh and who had never, in his life, injured a mount before.

Never after did he mention Maria Ward's name, never after did he pay another woman attention and never did he cease to love his one love ardently, silently. As for Maria, she shut herself in her room for ten days, receiving her meals from the servant without communicating with the family. Some years later she married Edmund Randolph, a cousin of John's. But John Randolph's letters were kept in a package, tied with a blue ribbon and burned at her death, at her request, without being read.

In John Randolph's personal make-up there were many contradictions. As a youth and as a young man he was extremely handsome—beautiful. His hair was light brown, his eyes large, dark and lustrous, his skin smooth and delicate, his dress refined, his voice musical, his figure tall and graceful. As he grew older, his dress and manner became eccentric, his eyes were like glow-

ing embers burning through his wrinkled, parchment skin, his lips were thin, his body gaunt, his voice shrill and he came to resemble an ugly old woman.

John Randolph made devoted friends and bitter enemies with equal facility and at times it took very little to make a friend an enemy, but of his enemies he never made friends. In periods he was arrogant, self assertive and pitiless, in others he was courteous, kind and even humble. He was a slave owner who did not believe in slavery, and he freed his slaves in his will. He drank, gamed, and dueled after the order of the day and in his early life expressed agnosticism, but in reality he was deeply religious. Are not all agnostics deeply religious in the finest sense? He lived in extravagance and owned much beautiful furniture and silver and had one of the best private libraries in Virginia, but he housed these, and lived himself, in a rambling, unpretentious, one-story, frame house which had flag stone floors. He was extremely clannish, though frequently at odds with members of his family and his assumption of the designation "of Roanoke" was due to the fact that he wished to be distinguished from a cousin of the same name, whom he did not like, rather than to a desire for title. In a family scandal in which his brother figured with a female

cousin, he sided most rigorously with his brother, to which fact his scathing letters to the girl will testify, but this did not prevent his giving her money when she needed it. He was an ardent admirer and a warm friend of men of as diverse political opinions as John Marshall and Patrick Henry. He had periods of hypochondrial depression in which he said, and apparently thought, he was dying, but in a few hours he would appear in a fox hunt and follow the hounds as long as the next.

John Randolph had other personality traits which help to mark the man. He was one of the best judges of horse-flesh of his time. He was devoted to dogs and would have them follow him into the halls of Congress. He said before his duel with Henry Clay that he was the best shot in Virginia, and no one gainsaid him. His appearance, bearing and manner were such that he always attracted attention and this seemed not to be displeasing to him. He poured his physical complaints into the ears of his friends, and into his letters, and for these ailments he tried varied and peculiar diets, to none of which he would stick. He was a man's man, but he was devoted to a few women friends and nearly all of his female relatives.

Randolph said many epigrammatic and sarcas-

tic things, some of which have come down to us. Once he referred to himself as having "loved not wisely but far too well." He entered Congress when twenty-six years of age and was of very youthful appearance. The Speaker of the House inquired of him whether he was old enough to take his seat and his only reply was, "My constituents seem to think so." Just before his duel with Henry Clay, he referred, in Congress, to one of Clay's speeches as being "so brilliant yet so corrupt that like a rotted mackerel on the beach in moonlight it shone and stunk." This was probably the chief cause of Clay's challenge to the duel. Again when derided by a fellow Senator for supposed eunuchoid tendencies (in all probability non-existent) and for not being, like himself who possessed a large family, able to procreate, Randolph answered, "the gentleman boasts of propensities, of which every barn-yard rooster is at least his equal and every jackass vastly his superior."

It was John Randolph's ability as an orator and debater which placed him in the class of genius. At his best he far outstripped the famous trio, Clay, Calhoun and Webster, and his reputation would be much greater today were it not for the fact that for the whole latter half of his public career he was rarely at his best, and usually at

his worst. In his palmy days he not only had quotations from history and literature at the tip of his tongue and originality of expression which startled in its brilliancy, but he played at pleasure upon the individual emotions of his hearers to their weal or woe. Frequently, and this is a true test of oratory, he swept his audience to conclusions utterly at variance with their desires and their wills. His voice was like the lute with every imaginable range of tone; his eye attracted attention and repelled interruption, and each movement of his long fore-finger fascinated the beholder or caused the one at whom it was directed to cringe. Busy men traveled many miles and waited for days hoping, by chance, to hear him speak.

He rose to the position of chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in Congress and for years held the balance of political power in the palm of his hand, but when he tired of having it there he contemptuously tossed it aside. Just as he reached his prime he began to deteriorate—he became garrulous, intolerant and unfair. He frequently took pleasure in being insulting, and became hypochondriacal, at times illogical, waspish in disposition, eccentric in manner and in dress, morose, unsociable, contradictory and among many created the impression that he was mentally

unbalanced and insane. This period of decline, which was both mental and physical, lasted for over a quarter of a century but during it, ever and anon, for a brief time, he would return to his former self and make a brilliant speech, exert a powerful influence, write perfectly, or perform some act of unforgetable kindness.

What was the cause of the splitting of this many faceted personality into its component parts—the cracking of this first-water diamond into its fragments? At times, it is true, these parts, these fragments, as if by some inherent lodestone property, would come and fit together again but they were not confluent and would not hold—they would become demagnetized.

Several reasons might be advanced for Randolph's deterioration. First heredity. It has been said that his Indian ancestry made him half savage, half civilized. Far be it from me to decry the influence of heredity, but it does seem rather far-fetched to let his personal peculiarities hark back, with an atavistic jump, for six generations. Still we may admit of the possibility that this throw-back might account for certain general tendencies—love of the hunt, and of nature, and of animals. Even a certain tendency at times toward cruelty might be thought of Indian origin, although in considering early American records,

the honors between the white man and the red man, as far as cruelty is concerned, are about even. At any rate heredity would not account for Randolph's gradual adult personality disintegration.

Next to be considered is disease. What disease could he have had which would have changed him from an Adonis to a Macbethian witch? He had suffered for years with gastric disturbances, diarrhoea and hypochondria. We have, of course, no accurate means of making a diagnosis of his case, but it is a good bet to lay his physical difficulties to pernicious anemia with its accompanying gastric anacidity. But this need not, of necessity, account for his hypochondria, nor for his many psychoneurotic manifestations.

Considering, then, that heredity played some part, that disease, probably pernicious anemia, played a more important part, there is still lacking a larger element to account for his personality break-up and that, I believe, is psychogenic in origin and based upon the very romance, detailed reference to which has been so carefully avoided by himself and his biographers. But after he had loved and lost, Randolph kept on in public life becoming, however, more and more peculiar in manner, eccentric in dress and erratic in behavior. Politically, he still exposed official graft, he fig-

ured largely in the election of Andrew Jackson and he went to Russia as special ambassador, appointed by Jackson. Failing in health and unable to stand the Russian climate, he left the affairs of state in the hands of his nephew, his secretary, and retired to London. Unable to recuperate he returned to his beloved Roanoke, but even Roanoke could no longer give him solace. He sought medical relief in Philadelphia, dying there in 1833, administered to by his faithful negro manservant and a kindly Quaker doctor.

John Randolph was buried at Roanoke, near the house, with a huge native stone placed at his head, as was his wish. Peace, however, did not even come to his grave. His furniture and library were sold at auction; his will was fought over in a great legal battle, and his body was dug up and his bones re-interred in Richmond. His personality has been misunderstood, his character misrepresented and his actions misinterpreted for, now, nigh unto a hundred years.

## CHAPTER XXII

# Poe and His Œdipus Complex

FOR years the personality of Poe, his weird stories and his enchanting poems have haunted me. It is this ability to haunt, I take it, that has given Poe and his works such a gripping hold upon the reading people of all nations.

Poe has taken his place among the world's greatest short-story writers, and the style and substance of these stories throw much light upon our understanding of the man. But Poe reaches his greatest height in his poetry. His production of poetry was not large and his flights not long sustained, still, to my mind, nowhere in the great volumes of Byron, or Tennyson, or Browning is there such exquisite quality to be found, while, on the other hand, only Homer and Shelley have soared to his heights, and the depths he plumbed were as deep as those of Dante or Milton. These sublime extremes place Poe among the great poets. His poems, like his short stories, are an index to his personality. Although Poe was a good literary critic, even if an erratic one, this was his hack work and does not shed much light upon what manner of man he was.

Poe, then, should be considered in the triune of the man, the story writer and the poet. In the consideration of a man and his works it is customary to think of him in the light of his heredity, his early environment, his vicissitudes of life, his habits and his health. I think very little real understanding of Poe will be arrived at by such approach. In what I say I shall confine myself, almost exclusively, to the consideration of the psychoanalytic aspect of Poe, and that very briefly.

We shall advance seven leagues at one step by saying that Poe must be looked upon as a genius. We may only account for genius as being due to an unaccountable combination of traits in the ancestry. A genius is unexplained by Mendel's law or any other conception of heredity. Poe's early environment could neither make nor break him. The chief influence in after life, of this early environment, was not his poverty of infancy, nor his youthful life of luxury, nor his education or association, but his love of his mother, and this was really congenital and not environmental. This love of mother was not an incest complex in the vulgar sense but an Œdipus complex, an æsthetic craving far stronger than any desire for drink or drugs which he may have exhibited.

Poe's vicissitudes, while great, his inability to hold positions over a long enough period to estab-

lish himself comfortably, his pitiful poverty and his frequent misunderstandings and being misunderstood were the result, rather than the cause of his temperament.

An inclination toward dipsomania may be inherited, but we really know very little of Poe's ancestral traits and I do not believe Poe was a dipsomaniac. His early tastings and his drinking at the University of Virginia and at West Point were nothing more than the experience of the average young gentleman of his day and generation. Nor, in my opinion, did Poe ever drink sufficient alcohol to cause organic, permanent changes in his central nervous system, nor, for that matter, in the other organs or tissues of his body. In fact, it has been frequently noted, apparently upon good authority, that he could stand but little strong drink. Whereas, this little might cause a temporary functional upset and even transitory mental aberration, it could not cause, I think, structural tissue changes. His opium taking was undoubtedly infrequent and never became a real factor in his life.

Poe's health was probably good most of the time. His general body resistance, it would appear, was strong enough for him to have failed to contract tuberculosis, although, for some time, he was closely associated with it.

However, Poe's physical constitution was so highly organized that, doubtlessly, he was extremely hypersensitive to pain and functionally easily deranged. His only physical defect, which might have a bearing upon his life and personality, was his supposed hydrocephalus. Pictures of him certainly look hydrocephalic, but on the other hand, his forehead is said to have slanted backward, while that of the true hydrocephalic bulges. Moderate hydrocephalus is not at all incompatible with great mental ability, as instanced by Daniel Webster and others. It is very hard to judge of a condition like hydrocephalus in a man who is long dead and whose head was not actually measured in life. There is certainly not much evidence to make one believe that hydrocephalus had any decided influence upon Poe's life.

Was Poe insane? No—not in the accepted sense. I say this in the face of the fact that he had hallucinations, may have had delusions, suffered lapses of memory at times, had melancholy spells, once called himself insane, and is said, by some, to have had an exaggerated ego. The view that Poe was not insane depends largely upon one's conception of insanity. High-strung and imaginative people, not infrequently, have hallucinations, or may guide the life of those who are æsthetic or many who are considered sane and normal and

may guide the life of those who are æsthetic or those who believe in the golden streets of heaven, or the sulphur fires of hell. Poe's lapses of memory were simply sublimations of the conscious in favor of the sub-conscious. He had cause, in plenty, for his depression of spirits, but this was never so profound that he had the real state of melancholia—the psychosis. Poe's exaggerated ego has chiefly been noted by his rather few, upon the whole for a literary critic, enemies. It was never obtrusive and he had none of the essentials of paranoia. In truth, Poe did not have any of the regular, known forms of insanity and was not as mentally upset as Shelley, Bunyan or Schopenhauer, to mention only a few. Here I must agree with Dr. John W. Robertson that a really insane person can not produce great literature. If these things are so, then how explain Poe's genius, his depression of spirits, his lapses, his inability to make a material success, his weird conceptions, his flights of imagination, his æsthetic loves and his seeking solace at times in alcohol or opium?

Poe was psychoneurotic. He was physically, nervously and mentally highly attuned. He was hypersensitive, deeply emotional and vastly imaginative. He was so æsthetic in his art and in his affections that bad literature actually hurt him and only to the ethereal type of woman did he give his

real love. In addition to these characteristics, Poe loved his mother, whom he hardly remembered, with an idealized, adulatory rapture, to such an extent that he could hardly bear the mention of her name and rarely, if ever, referred to her. His girl loves symbolized his mother-love in their delicate, frail, refined types. It was for this reason that he could love more than one girl with equal fervor, for he did not love the girl herself except in that she became the love-object embodying the congenital, subconscious, idealized love of his mother. It was for this reason also that he loved and tended his sweet, frail, consumptive wife so reverently and so gently. She was symbolized to such an extent that he did not appreciate, except in a vague and impractical way, the necessity of providing for her material comforts. And it was for their motherliness, the projection of the idea of what his mother might have been to him had she lived, that he cared for Mrs. Shelton, for Mrs. Clemm and for Mrs. Whitman.

Poe had, to a considerable extent, what is known as a split personality and his whole life showed a constantly recurring effort to escape from actual life. Fortunately for him, and for the world, he was frequently successful. I say this in spite of the fact that often his avenue of escape led to misery. But a more miserable thing for him,

and a thing he could not have borne, would have been to have found no escape. But for this ability to escape, if I mistake not, he would have died, much earlier than he did, of some intercurrent malady, or have committed suicide or have gone insane. Poe would try to adjust himself to the ordinary routine of life, but he could never succeed for long. He was compelled, by unrecognized forces, to escape. His means of escape varied. At one time he would wrap himself in the plot of a weird and fantastic story, at another, on poetic wings, he would soar in a trance to the heavens, or sink to the bottomless depths, and, in both of these instances, in all probability, he was in soul-search for his mother. He practiced these and other forms of autohypnotism until he became an adept. Sometimes he would lose himself in a cryptogram and at others he would turn to drink or, occasionally, to opium, but these were incidental with Poe and only served, purposely or accidentally, to open the door of escape. Alcohol and opium, in their *per se* effect, did not cause, nor have any direct influence upon, Poe's brilliant literary flights. Poe's personality, I believe, can only be justly interpreted by the consideration of this mother-love complex and the fact that he was a genius.

Left an orphan, over-indulged and treated

harshly by turns, buffeted, in debt, hungry, often lonely, his strength changing to weakness, his success turning to failure, a wanderer not knowing content, trying to unfathom the mystery of misery, searching always for the lost love he never found, it was kind of fate when it took him.

A genius pays terrifically for his gifts.

## CHAPTER XXIII

# Stonewall Jackson—In Three Parts

THE smell of black gun-powder smoke was in the air. It was night on the battlefield of Chancellorsville and the work of clearing the ground of the dead and of the wounded was in progress in spite of the fact that intermittent flashes and reports indicated that the god of battle had not yet relapsed into repose. A litter with four soldiers bearing a wounded man and escorted by several officers hurried along through the darkness. There were inquiries of who was the wounded man, which were answered, at his direction, by the reply "A Confederate officer."

An end of the litter suddenly dropped as a stray shot hit one of the bearers. The heavy body of the officer struck the ground with a thud. There was a suppressed groan. One of the officers took the wounded bearer's place and the small group stumbled on. In a few days it was announced that Stonewall Jackson was dead. The army of northern Virginia staggered as it had never staggered before. The whole South stood aghast and then was overwhelmed with grief. A great, gray-bearded

soldier winced with pain and said, "I have lost my right arm."

Stonewall Jackson's body was taken to Richmond and lay in state in the House of Representatives. Long lines . . . old men, wounded soldiers, state officials, women, children, and negroes . . . all day long, passed the bier and gazed with tear-filled eyes upon the strong, calm, peaceful face of him who had "crossed over the river to rest beneath the shade of the trees."

Under a Confederate battle-flag the remains of Stonewall Jackson were sent to Lexington. At every station the people gathered with garlands and with tears to do homage to their hero. And when he was buried, with a simple service in the little burying ground in Lexington, the entire Confederacy stood, in spirit, around his grave and grieved a loved one, a greatly loved one, lost to them.

The North at the death of Jackson breathed a sigh of relief and then, generously, gave expression to respect for their valiant foe. A year after General Jackson's death, when Lexington was captured, the Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry formed his command in line at Jackson's grave and fired a salute to his memory. The world has done honor to the genius of Stonewall Jackson who has won more fame than any military leader

(who was not a commander-in-chief) that ever lived and whose strategy is as important in the minds of the military world today as it was important to his cause in the two crowded years of his career in the war between the states.

Thomas (Stonewall) Jackson was born of good professional stock in the rugged mountains of Virginia and was early left an orphan. He was sent to be reared to his uncle, Cummins Jackson, a contentious man with almost a paranoid desire for litigation, but a man to whom Thomas became very much attached. His sister was sent to another relative and his brother to still a third. Later, for some reason, Thomas was sent to live with his Uncle Blake, but in a few days he took French-leave and his only explanation was to repeat every time he was asked why he had left, "Uncle Blake and I don't agree: I have quit him, and shall not go back any more," nor could persuasion alter this resolve.

A boy was early a man in those days and in that country, and Jackson's first adventure was to go down the Ohio River to seek his fortune. He was about fourteen years of age at the time, and his brother Warren, who accompanied him, was two years older. In about six months the boys returned ill-nourished and loaded with malaria instead of with money.

When he was sixteen, Jackson was made constable, and for two years conscientiously and patiently performed this duty. He then applied for, and received, his appointment to West Point. Strongly built but awkward and angular, dressed in homespun, poorly prepared from an educational and social standpoint for cadetship, he at once became the butt of the corps and the victim of practical jokes. But as his good nature and patience seemed inexhaustible the cadets soon ceased to annoy him. He graduated seventeenth in his class just in time to enter the war with Mexico as a lieutenant of artillery. His cool-headedness in battle and his disregard for danger won him quick promotion.

When the war was over, after several years at various forts, he accepted a professorship of mathematics at the Virginia Military Institute which position he held until 1861 when he entered the war between the states at the age of thirty-six. He was killed when he was thirty-eight. But Jackson was never really young.

In all of history Stonewall Jackson is one of the most difficult men to understand. From one viewpoint we see him the quiet, sweet-tempered gentleman of the home, concerned about his own health and that of others, loving children, thoughtful and considerate toward those with whom he came in

neighborly contact, and a humble Christian. Viewing him from another angle he appears a hard, cruel, overbearing, puritanical fundamentalist whose life was guided by phrases borrowed from the Bible. Looking at him as a soldier we find him to be one of the great leaders of men whose troops gladly died for him, one of the world's supreme strategists, a tactical master in battle, and altogether a military genius of the first rank.

Stonewall Jackson was devoted to his sister Laura and all through his life he wrote to her letters of tender solicitude. He was an affectionate and devoted husband both to his first and to his second wife and a loving father to the baby by his first marriage who died and to his daughter by his second wife. He loved all children and delighted to play with them. He became fond of a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Corbin, the owner of the house which was his headquarters in Fredericksburg. She would often go to see him, always receiving some goody which he would save for her. One day he had nothing to give her so, to save her from disappointment, he cut the gold braid off of his cap and wound it among her golden curls. Some months afterwards he heard of her death and wept like a woman.

When he was wounded he was more solicitous

of a young officer who was wounded at the same time than he was of his own condition. He was considerate and kind to his servants and he would show infinite patience in teaching a negro child Bible lessons. To the people of Lexington he was courteous and dignified and he was hospitable in his home. He was a lover of the woods and of flowers and of the beauties of Nature but at the same time he was a great admirer of the architecture of English cathedrals and of fine paintings and delighted to discuss these cultural things. There was an æsthetic side to Jackson unsuspected by the outside world.

Jackson was modest and retiring, avoiding as far as possible all social entertainments and any form of self-assertion. He was abstemious and methodical and never, except in war, exhibited any indication of brilliance of mind. Since youth he had infected tonsils and he had, or imagined he had, weak eyes to such an extent that he would never read by artificial light. He gradually became almost hypochondriacal, filling his correspondence with complaints about his throat and his eyes, consulting many doctors and going to watering-place after watering-place in search of health, although to all appearances he was perfectly strong and well. He adopted and maintained for years a rigid and peculiar diet which he had figured out

for himself. He then had his tonsils operated upon, but he kept on complaining until the war broke out and then, as if by magic, all complaints of ill health ceased and no man in the army exposed himself more or showed more endurance than did Jackson.

But Stonewall Jackson had a hard side. From early childhood he was ambitious. His blue eyes were wide and determined. He cultivated patience and self control. He guided himself by precept upon precept. The fortune-seeking trip with his brother had ended disastrously and this must not happen again. Whatever the cost he would become master of himself. He therefore began exercises and habits that would make him strong, he watched his health, he became indifferent to the opinion of others, he did what he considered to be right, he tried to develop his mind, he bided his time, and he announced that "a man may be whatever he resolves to be."

Jackson made very few friends. He became aloof in thought, independent in action, and arguments swayed him not. At West Point, to make the most creditable record possible, and to do his duty, were his only considerations. Nothing could thwart him. Over his books he pored, persistently and unremittingly. The intricacies of drill and of tactics, although always awkward, he conquered

by perseverance. Once a fellow cadet took his clean musket and put a dirty one in its place, a frequent prank in all military schools, but Jackson construed this as a dire and dishonorable offense. He carried his grievance to the authorities and tried his best to have the offender expelled. When he graduated, never having held a cadet office, Jackson was considered by the instructors and by the corps a good, earnest, plodding fellow without particular talent, and he was respected but unloved.

As professor at the Virginia Military Institute he got out of touch with, and was practically forgotten by, the regular army, and in Lexington, except for a small group of friends, "he walked alone." He never distinguished himself at the Institute except by his peculiarities. He was a halting and laborious instructor, demonstrating problems on the blackboard painfully while bathed in perspiration. He was hard on the student, making no allowances and taking no excuses. He showed the cadets no favoritism and he allowed them no indulgences. At times he seemed thoroughly unreasonable. One cadet who worked out to the correct answer a long and hard problem upon the blackboard was told he had left out something. He laboriously reworked the example with the same result and then, upon inquiry, was

told that he had omitted to write his number above the problem.

In military matters at the Institute, Jackson was a martinet. When he would attend a faculty meeting which was called at 5 p.m. he would walk to the place and if he was early he would pace up and down, in rain or in snow without umbrella or rubber shoes, never relaxing his military stride, until exactly upon the stroke of five when he would enter. On being told one night by General Smith, the superintendent, to have a seat, at a formation in the mess hall when the cadets were expected to be ordered out, he sat upon a stool, bolt upright, all night long much to the surprise of the superintendent who found him there in the morning. When asked by General Smith why he had not retired his simple reply was, "You did not tell me to."

Occasionally when he was in the courtyard a cadet would throw some object upon the guardhouse so that it would bounce in Major Jackson's direction. If he had duties to perform Jackson would not look around but if his quick eye caught the offender woe betide that young gentleman.

These and many other eccentricities made the cadets dub him "Old Fool Jack" by which he was generally known behind his back. Nor did the faculty have any elevated opinion of Jackson's accom-

plishments or ability. Still, there was something about the man that made the authorities put Major Jackson in command when war was declared and the corps had to be sent to Richmond.

Shortly after the war opened Jackson was sent to command a small body of troops at Harper's Ferry and here he showed scant courtesy to the militia officers in their gold braid. He drilled his gentlemen and his plebeian recruits without distinction for seven hours a day. Throughout his war career if a loss was to be sustained he sustained it, if an extraordinary march was to be made he made it, if punishment was to be meted out he meted it, if overwhelming odds were to be met he met them, if the enemy were to be slaughtered he slaughtered them. Justice was justice to Jackson, and war was war, and he tempered neither of them with mercy. He shared no confidences with his staff officers or with his men, and inquiries as to his intentions, from whatever quarter, met with curt and non-informative replies. Stonewall Jackson was a hard task-master but his barefooted, half-starved troop followed him to death with cheerfulness and with devotion.

Jackson the military genius was as a man possessed. At times he showed his gentle side, at times he showed his hard side, but his genius rose high above them both. His three personality char-

acters, the tender-hearted gentleman, the hard task-master and the military genius, were not split, nor were they amalgamated, but they were jointed together and war made dominant his military genius personality. The man who in times of peace would not post a letter on Sunday or even post it so that it would arrive on Sunday did not hesitate to open and fight a bloody Sunday battle. The humble, kindly Christian of peace would cashier or arrest one of his best officers for a slight offense; would have a straggler shot; would cut anyone who disagreed with him; would confiscate anything that belonged to the enemy; would use the most cunning method of war deception; would spread false propaganda; and would demand any sacrifice from his men. He did these things not wantonly but with a profound sense of duty, with a fatalistic belief in the direction of God, and with a thankful heart for any gain that was accomplished. He was a Cromwell in spirit without self-glorification; a Wellington in strategy but with only a volunteer, poorly equipped army to carry out his plans; a Napoleon in battle but without vanity; and, more than all, he was a war psychologist.

Stonewall Jackson, in war, cared nothing for his personal appearance nor for that of his men. He wore an old and unbecoming cap and a

patched, weather-beaten uniform while his men were in tatters and were frequently barefooted. He ate simply and he slept but little and often he slept upon his cot without undressing. His men depended chiefly upon what they foraged or captured for their food and frequently marched day and night entering a battle fatigued, hungry, and armed with old rifles, muzzle-loading shot guns, and captured muskets. And never were they told where they were being led or for what purpose.

In planning his campaigns Jackson consulted with no one, except occasionally with Lee whom, he said, he would follow blindfolded. He would sit on a fence rail and suck a lemon and think over a prospective campaign and then shut himself in his headquarters, pore over maps and send for those from whom he wished information. He would then have reports spread that he was going in one direction and forthwith take his army in another direction, using Stuart's cavalry as a screen so that no information as to his purpose would leak out. Extraordinary and forced marches, usually through the country or over unfamiliar roads, would place him on the enemy's flank or in his rear, with his presence entirely unsuspected even though he may have cut their communications and have captured their supplies. Then would come the attack and Jackson would

seem to rise above himself. His eyes would light up, he would expose himself recklessly, he would watch every move and take every tactical advantage, giving praise to God for each advance. Overwhelming odds meant nothing to him and he defeated general after general and put army after army out of commission.

But in war Jackson rose even higher than his skill in planning a campaign or his power to direct a battle. More than any of his contemporaries, he knew war psychology. He always had the remote effects and the whole cause, as well as the immediate success, in mind and he knew that to strike at the psychological moment, to rout defeated armies and to capture Washington were the only hope of ultimate success. Kernstown was fought not to gain a victory but to keep divided a great invading army and hence to prevent their concentration for the capture of Richmond. Cedar Run was fought with much the same object in view. After the battle of Manassas, Jackson urged the completion of the rout by the capture of Washington. At Fredericksburg after the battle he advised a night attack. In Maryland he urged an attack on Washington. He made many other radical suggestions, some of which were accepted, and when they were accepted phenomenal results followed but often they were rejected because Mr. Davis and the cabinet in

Richmond thought otherwise. If his ideas had been carried out one of two things would certainly have happened: either the South would have been early defeated and the union re-established, or much more likely a decisive battle favorable to the South would have been fought, Washington would have been captured and the independence of the Confederacy would have been established.

As it was, he used with a master hand the psychology of mystery. When it was thought that he had retreated he attacked in an unexpected quarter and consequently distant points, which he had no intention of molesting, were kept heavily guarded. He saw to it that the size of his army was greatly overestimated. When he saw his men apparently defeated he would order a bayonet charge. He would hide his men in woods, behind hills, in long grass, and open fire on columns unsuspectingly marching by. Night marches and absolute secrecy of movement were two of his heavy weapons and surprise and vigor his side arms.

Thus in two years this supposedly mediocre-minded professor of mathematics, this blue-law Presbyterian fundamentalist, this reserved gentleman worrying about his health, won with his unsuspected genius the adoration of his army, the love of his people, the respect of his enemies and the admiration of the world.

## CHAPTER XXIV

# George Eliot—The Man and the Woman

BIOLOGICALLY, woman is enticing, and at the same time protective. But biological traits are frequently so warped or perverted that they are difficult of recognition. Woman is physically and emotionally more highly organized than man and psychologically far more self-conscious. These characteristics, together with certain physical and sex limitations, have deterred her from accomplishing achievements as great as have been accomplished by the opposite sex. Man is a coarser, simpler, more direct and hence a more easily understood animal than woman. Woman is "an infinite variety" while "a man's a man for a' that." Woman can be chameleon-like to her background but, presto! change! and the chameleon may become either a butterfly or a scorpion.

One cannot subdivide woman too minutely for she is too subdivisible, nor can one analyze woman too exactly for she evades logical deduction. Intuition is woman's guiding star and emo-

tion is her driving force. Woman appears paradoxical but her paradox is frequently orthodox. Woman has an alternating current and her positive pole may, with or without her knowledge, become her negative pole, or the opposite. How then is woman to be divided or classified? Grossly there are two types of woman, the maternal and the non-maternal. The usual maternal type is mild of eye, abundant of hair, large of breast and hip and rounded of limb; she has but one love and she bears him children; she is a nurse by instinct and she is a housekeeper by choice; she mothers; she sacrifices; she has fortitude and forbearance; she is intelligent in her sphere and she is kind. Driven to bay the maternal woman may be a Rock of Gibraltar, or she may succumb and completely collapse, or, more rarely, she may turn into a perfect she-devil. But a large class of women belong to the non-maternal type to whom domesticity spells drudgery. This non-maternal woman may be fairy or sprite, enchantress or hell-cat, mistress or pal. She may be boyish, lithe of body and straight of limb like Joan of Arc or Maud Adams; she may be full of body and keen of mind like Cleopatra; she may be large of bone and coarse of feature like George Eliot. On the other hand the non-maternal woman may have

any conceivable combination of characteristics that will amuse, befuddle or bedevil man.

To exert her power either the maternal or the non-maternal woman may use diverse means. Maria Theresa, despite her dozen children, led armies to battle; Cleopatra broke invading armies by enticing their leaders; Madam Pompadour ruled France by prostituting beauties for her degenerate king; Nell Gwyn capitivated England by amusing her royal fop; Madam de Staël became powerful by matching her brains with those of powerful men; Madam Roland made her appeal with her personal beauty; Catherine de Medici ruled by subtleness and poison; Queen Elizabeth rebuilt England by wise dalliance; Pocahontas ruled hearts by succoring white men; Queen Victoria became loved of her nation by mothering it; George Eliot and George Sand, assuming the *noms de plume* of men, won fame by the use of their brains through the medium of literature.

George Eliot was in many respects a masculine type of woman, yet in many others she was not. She had a long, equine-shaped head and face, a large body, a male brain and with her pen she wrote a man's hand. But she had a woman's dependence on man, she had the superficial emotions

of a woman and her dress was essentially feminine.

Mary Ann Evans was a farmer's daughter, reared in provincial restrictions, but she soon found that her mind could not accept the orthodox religious convictions of her community, so she began quite frankly to express heretic views. She then left home to make her own living and accepted a position as a hack writer. Soon she became interested in the greater freedom and the higher education of woman. Having thus far broken the conventions she became the boon companion to Mr. Chapman, her employer, to such an extent that she aroused against herself the intense jealousy of that gentleman's wife even though Chapman was suspected of other affairs and peccadillos. The situation was saved by her becoming interested in Herbert Spencer. But that cold, abstracted and philosophical soul, being inclined only to mentally reciprocate the attachment, brought around Mr. George Lewes, quite a lively fellow, who happened to be separated, but not divorced, from his wife. Mr. Lewes proved susceptible and so he and Mary Ann joined lives without benefit of clergy. A woman rarely breaks conventions; she flaunts them or ignores them, while a man weighs them, and measures them, and then deliberately breaks them—this latter is

what George Eliot's masculine mind did. After many years of peaceful unmarried life together Mr. Lewes died and his loss for a short time was greatly grieved by his mistress but within about eighteen months this elderly lady, one cannot say widow, found consolation in a Mr. Cross whom she married with the full ceremony of the church.

Mary Ann Evans amounted to very little until she began to live with Mr. Lewes and probably she would never have been heard from at all, if it had not been for her life with him. Before she met Lewes she did not begin to write real literature and when he died she ceased to write it. Thus Lewes, like Boswell, becomes an important personage. Advanced to the state of mistress of George Lewes, Mary Ann Evans, as she was known to her family and early friends, combined her two first names and became Marian Evans to her new friends, Mrs. George Lewes to acquaintances and strangers, George Eliot to her publishers and to her public, and completed her nomenclatural series by becoming Mrs. Cross before she died. It was many years before George Eliot, the great novelist, was suspected of being a woman even by her publishers and then it only came about by an unworthy and ambitious clergyman attempting to steal her thunder.

George Lewes was himself a writer on philoso-

phy and other subjects. He was a literary critic and a scholar, a musician, a raconteur, a convivial host, and above all a wonderful companion to his mistress, whom he spoiled and petted, humored and advised, admired and adored. He was thin and under height, quick of movement, bright of eye, with bushy hair and eyebrows and a mustache, like a Scotch terrier. It must have been a ludicrous sight to see this lady-horse and this gentleman-terrier trotting around together. But they were happy. He was happy because he had compensated for the loss of his wife, because he felt he was producing the greatest of women novelists and because he was fooling the public (he had a real sense of humor) by making them believe that George Eliot was a man. And she was happy because he had arranged for the publication of her works, because she knew she was producing great literature and because she had Lewes around to pour tea for her, to put a shawl around her shoulders when there was a draught, to leave her undisturbed when she rested.

George Eliot keenly felt the restrictions and conventionalities of her times and she rebelled against them but she could not entirely throw them off. She scoffed at religious doctrines but she was at heart religious and showed it in her writing. She repudiated the prevalent puritanical

ideas of morals and marriage but she put a moral into her stories and she finally married with the church ritual. She advocated woman's independence and rights but she, all her life, leaned heavily upon men. She was attracted by Bohemianism but her drawing-room entertainments she conducted with the utmost decorum. She posed in literature as a man but in her dress she was distinctly and dignifiedly feminine. The virile, brainy, masculine half of George Eliot spent itself in suppressing the dependent, emotional, feminine half, but, at the same time, while her masculinity was asserting itself her femininity was taking root. While her rebellion was preparing to run rampant her conservatism was gripping her to hold her in check. These conflicts gave her understanding of both men and women, of situations and of events and the expression of this understanding made her the finest English novelist of her time, not barring Dickens, Thackeray, or the Brontës.

## CHAPTER XXV

# George Sand—The Woman

GEORGE ELIOT'S great French contemporary was an entirely different type of personality. Although she used a man's name, smoked and for some time dressed in man's apparel, she was, in her make-up, essentially and eternally feminine.

An emotional, imaginative child not entirely satisfied with its companions because it is psychically lonely may, subconsciously, create for itself an imaginary friend. This imaginary friend becomes the child's boon companion, is more real to it than its flesh and blood associates, enters into its outer activities and into its inner life and suggests and dictates the child's fantasies. It is as if a kindly God, recognizing the loneliness of the child's ego, chooses from the spirit land the most congenial and suitable spirit-confidant and bids it minister exclusively to the child. And so this imaginary friend inspires and encourages and amuses the child, comes to the child when needed and goes when it would be inconvenient until, as a rule, when the child grows older and the imag-

inary friend's presence and guidance is unnecessary it disappears altogether and becomes merely an infrequent memory. Occasionally, however, this imaginary friend remains, hovering about throughout the life of the individual, ready to come at bid or at need. Such was the case with Corambé, the imaginary friend of Aurore Dupin, —George Sand.

Aurore had the mixed strains of patrician and plebeian blood in her veins, not an unusual combination for those who show genius or greatness. Born and reared in early childhood among the squalid surroundings of Parisian poverty we may first peep at her, when she was two or three years of age, penned in a cage of four chairs so placed that their backs formed a square which protected her from injury or mischief while her mother cooked, or washed or gossiped. Here, to the child, came Corambé and of her adventures with him, when the mother or aunt or neighbors had time to listen, Aurore spun a series of wondrous tales.

When Aurore was eight years of age her grandmother Dupin recognized her and she was taken to the family estate, Nohant, to be reared in luxury and to become a lady. At Nohant she shed her mother, who returned to Paris, but she retained her Corambé to whom, out in the grove,

when she was twelve years old, she built an altar from stones and sticks and small rustic logs.

Romping and gay at times, serious and pensive at others, she was not understood by her grandmother and indeed rarely felt herself understood at all except when she was in the company of Corambé. The Catholics of England had established a convent school in France and to this school she was sent. For a time she did not yield well to discipline, and she became rebellious and unpopular. She then became over-religious and fasted too much and was sickly. Suddenly, coming out of this state she became gay, the life of the school, a leader in exercise and frivolity and she made life-long friends.

After three years, she went back to Nohant and found her grandmother busily engaged in hunting up a suitable husband for her. One day she went to Confessional. The priest asked her questions which she considered too indelicate for an innocent girl to answer and she abruptly left the church never to return again until, as the irony of fate would have it, the family at her death decided to have her buried from it with the usual rites and ceremonies.

The year or so before her marriage was a turbulent period for Aurore. She could not be idle. She was attached to the old country doctor and

she rode about with him nursing the sick, an unheard of procedure for a young lady in those days. She went with men unchaperoned. Scandalous! She rode horseback alone. Outrageous! She was irreligious. Unthinkable! So she became to the peasants, despite her kindnesses and services to them, the Wild Woman of Nohant. And then she determined to commit suicide. She spurred her horse over the high bank of the swift river, but when she struck the icy water she clung to the back of the faithful animal who gallantly swam ashore. In the midst of things she communicated with Corambé who spun to her sweet tales of love some of which she wrote down into what became her first book, *Aimée*. When she went to Paris to start her literary career and showed *Aimée* to Delatouche he told her that it was trash and she forthwith consigned it to the flames. Although the flames, doubtlessly, became decalescent in the consumption of this maidenly offering, the world, also doubtessly, lost a glow of youthful warmth.

When Aurore was eighteen there came into her life Casimer Dudevant, the man destined to be her husband. He was a comely young man of good but irregular ancestry and, as he was poor, Nohant was settled upon him as a dot. He was of the country squire type with inclinations toward agriculture and hunting.

Aurore liked needle work and did it well. She was also good at preserving. She had no trouble in managing servants and she loved and won the devotion of all of the children with whom she came in contact and never wearied of playing and romping with them. How could a married life start out more propitiously? Two children came to this couple, Maurice and Solange. The boy grew like his mother and the girl grew like her father, but this diverts the story of how Aurore Dudevant the good and easily comprehended mother and housewife, became George Sand the greatest of women literary geniuses and the Bohemian mistress of many interesting men and of how, at a certain age, she again returned to domesticity.

Casimer Dudevant never understood why he was not a good husband. Other men drank too much at times, other men hunted even more than did he, other men came to the table with mud on their riding boots, other men sometimes quarreled with their wives, other men occasionally left their firesides for another woman and other men had appropriated their wives' estates. Had he not given his wife two children? Had he not trimmed up the walks of Nohant? Had he not gotten rid of the old and useless servants and horses and dogs? Had he not put up with his wife's irreli-

gion? Had he not let her alone when she wept? Had he not shrugged his shoulders when she became so friendly with Aurelien de Seze because he knew she would not overstep the bounds of propriety?

Aurore, on the other hand, did not add up her good and bad qualities. She saw her favorite old servants discharged when they needed sustenance. She saw the old horse who had borne her so faithfully through the swift waters, sold. She saw her dear old dogs disappear. She saw the rustic beauty of Nohant sheered and trimmed. She saw that her protests had no effect and she knew that she could not lift a hand. And then she saw her husband as he was, a stupid, selfish boor. She no more cared anything about his conduct. He was not and could not be her companion. Of one thing she was grateful, he had left the altar of Corambé and to this she went. Old tales of love and new ones began to unfold. She made up her mind. She would leave and go to Paris and write these tales and then send for the children, the darlings. Corambé she knew would go with her.

Aurore was small, feminine, almost silent in company, a listener, oval of face, dark brown of hair, smooth and olive of skin, piquant of manner and she had beautiful, delicate, agile hands and large brown, wonderful eyes. "Notwithstanding,"

wrote Flaubert to her later in life, "your great sphynx eyes you have always seen the world through a golden mist." And with it all, Aurore Dudevant had that rare quality—charm.

To Delatouche, the editor of *The Figaro,* she went,—and this old man-of-the-world, keen critic and sponsor of the literary lights of Paris, condemned her *Aimée,* told her that women had no place in literature, announced to her that to write novels one had to love, suffer and have experience. But he ensconced her in his office and let her write for *The Figaro* at a few francs a day. Aurore had charmed him and she charmed also his literary clientele, the great Balzac, the wise Sainte-Beuve, the younger Dumas, the rare Hugo, and later her many noted lovers.

Aurore took Delatouche literally. She bobbed her hair; she adopted men's clothes; she smoked cigarettes and sometimes she even smoked cigars or a pipe; she shortly took Bohemian quarters with Jules Sandeau and they began to write *Rouge et Blanche,* a collaborate novel.

It was an odd sight for the visitors of the day to see, at a little table in the great editor's office, one who was apparently a boy, with hair nearly to his shoulders, sitting on a stool, doubled up in a cloud of cigarette smoke with one elbow on his knee and the hand running through his wavy

brown hair while with the other hand he wrote easily, evenly, page after page as if someone was dictating to him. There is an air of grace about the boy and what lovely small hands he has! Now he has looked up. My God what eyes! His name is George—George Sand.

In the Latin quarter, in a garret, living with Jules Sandeau, petting him, spoiling him, and mothering him lived George Sand, smoking incessantly, drinking coffee, trying to make enough money to send for her children by writing until dawn, at the dictation of Corambé, her first real book, *Indiana.* Success comes. George Sand takes a holiday. She returns to find the washerwoman in her place with Sandeau. Sandeau vacates. He is made to. George Sand writes *Lelia,* the story of a woman with knowledge and she becomes a great novelist. Delatouche, she says to herself, was right. But there is also criticism of her two books —severe criticism in many quarters. The criticism, however, is of the kind that helps to sell the books. Notwithstanding success, the little bird who flew from Nohant is lonely.

Then comes Alfred de Musset, the handsome, dissipated, erotic, eccentric but withal brilliant poet. De Musset demanded attention and got it. In return he dropped the other women whom he had fascinated and wrote love lyrics to George

Sand. She took care of him when he was drunk and when he appeared in poor health she took him to Italy. Here he improved sufficiently to go with the women of Venice, to curse her as he had done his other mistresses and to tell her she was a stupid bore. That cut. George Sand stupid and a bore! He then became ill and she nursed him assiduously day and night. With the nursing and with the aid of a young Italian doctor, Pietro Pagello, the poet recovered to find George Sand the mistress of Pagello. After this, with money that she gave him, back he went to Paris to say more ugly things about her and also to write them. Later she took her Italian doctor to Paris with her but she soon turned him over to post-graduate work in the hospitals, for only under Italian skies was her heart warmed toward him.

Her thought now was to get her children. Michel de Bourges, the great lawyer, should take her case. This he did and after two sensational trials Nohant was returned to her and she obtained possession of her children for half of the time. Michel not only took her case, he took her also, or she took him—who can say? He made a republican of her and still further broadened her experience so that she was fast becoming one of the great writers of the world. But Michel was ugly, and big, and tyrannical, and he was interfer-

ing with Corambé so she bid Michel adieu and immortalized him in her book, *Simon.*

George Sand loved music and her republicanism needed softening, so, whom should she think of but her old acquaintance Franz Liszt!

Liszt was beautiful as a young man, and, in spite of his having a tall blond mistress who has been described as "six feet of snow upon twenty feet of larva," the charm and the eyes of George Sand could not be resisted. The blond mistress, however, clung on and visited Nohant with Liszt, so that astute musical genius smoothed everything out by introducing to George Sand his young friend Chopin, who was suffering from having just been jilted by a beautiful Polish girl because of the monetary ambitions of her worldly parents.

Chopin was thin, delicate and as sensitive as a flower. "Chipchop," George Sand dubbed him, and she amused him as she would have amused a child. When he became ill she took him to Baleraic Islands and nursed him through a terrible rainy season and brought him back to Nohant and called him her guest. He became exacting and irritable. He demanded and received a great deal of attention. When Solange, George Sand's trouble-making daughter, whispered scandal into his musical ears he listened and he sided with her in the family differences. These family

affairs became more and more tense, and at last Chopin departed without giving a farewell. Until his death, the puny little musician poured with equal facility his soul into music, and his venom against George Sand into letters to his sister.

Solange left Nohant and married, and George Sand at the age of forty-two, after the domestic storm was over, sought the altar of Corambé which she had built when she was a child. Here she sat, silently communing with herself and with Corambé. She groaned and rolled upon the ground in agony for hours upon hours—and finally ended the scene by renouncing passion and by forming a resolution to love France—to love all people.

A real change of life came over her. Corambé retreated. She began to write plays and *Villemer* made its appearance and was an instantaneous success. A young actress, who like herself possessed charm, made her reputation by playing many of George Sand's leading rôles. Her name was Sarah Bernhardt. George Sand now became Madam Sand and she had no more lovers. The son she adored, Maurice, married a girl she learned to adore and grandchildren grew up around her. One of them was named Aurore. Manceau, a talented engraver and a friend of her son, became her friend and her secretary. Many

distinguished guests came to Nohant and called her pure and virtuous. She helped Maurice with his marionettes and she assisted his wife in housekeeping. She frolicked and played with the children and happiness and gaiety filled Nohant while the neighboring peasants received regularly money and food. There was no more decorous house in all France. After the commune Madam Sand secured the release of many of her friends and of her friends' friends from prison and from banishment. She never lost her power to charm.

At the age of seventy-three, working late at night until the last, this respected old lady passed through the portals of the mortal. And when she joined the immortals, Victor Hugo said "Something is going, something is coming. Let us salute the great departures that announce the great arrivals."

## CHAPTER XXVI

# Genius Versus Genius—Chatterton and Disraeli

A COMPARISON of the heights reached by genius or of the quality or of the personality of genius, is well nigh impossible for "each star differeth from another star in glory." The glory of the poet is one thing and the glory of the statesman is another. Who, for instance, could compare Chatterton and Disraeli?

For two hundred years Chatterton's ancestors had been sextons of the Church of England; for two hundred years the ancestors of Disraeli had been English Jews. Chatterton's schooling consisted only of reading, writing and arithmetic; Disraeli's education, although not extending through college, was much more extensive. Chatterton was a genius in poetry; Disraeli was a genius in statesmanship. Chatterton did his great work as a child; Disraeli's accomplishments occurred late in life. Chatterton died by suicide at the age of seventeen years; Disraeli clung to life and died a mummified old man. But in one respect they were alike—they both used camouflage to gain their ends of expression.

Let us consider these two extraordinary characters more in detail.

Thomas Chatterton began to educate himself by spelling out inscriptions on the tombs of knights, ecclesiastics and other dignitaries in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe which he adopted as his playroom. He then, between fits of abstraction, dug into the Bible, into other old books and into parchment manuscripts. By the age of eleven he was publishing poems. When he was twelve he began to present other poems as the discovered work of Thomas Rowley, an imaginary fifteenth century monk. Referring to his early childhood he wrote in one of these poems:

"And when the fate-marked babe acome to sight,
I saw him eager grasping after light.
In all his sheepen gambols and childs-play,
In every merry-making, fair or wake
I kenn'd a purpled light of wisdom's ray;
He ate down learning with the wastel-cake."

Chatterton also wrote other poems under assumed names. To maintain the contention that the poems were ancient he had to manufacture spurious manuscripts and this he did to perfection. Those poems that he signed by his own name were chiefly satires in which he took vengeance upon those he did not like or upon those whom he

thought had done him harm. But there were still other poems of peculiar beauty.

Snubbed, through correspondence, by Horace Walpole, his friends made up a small purse for him and he went to London where he received many promises but little money. Pride made him refuse invitations to meals from acquaintances and soon, although writing prodigiously day and night, starvation stared him in the face. And so, one night, this wan and discouraged boy who was to rank among the luminous geniuses of the world, procured arsenic from an apothecary, crawled the stairs to his little attic room, tore up all of his unpublished manuscripts, drank down the poison, died and was buried in a workhouse burying-ground.

In hoodwinking others he probably cheated himself out of a competency but his life was rich in its wonderful precocity and when he passed there was, perchance, a smile, mayhap a satirical smile, upon his dead young lips.

If Chatterton was a prestidigitator of manuscripts, Disraeli was a prestidigitator of politics.

A Jew, a fop, a second-rate novelist, affected, conceited, deeply in debt and without the backing of an Oxford or Cambridge education, Disraeli arose through difficulty and defeat to be England's greatest Prime Minister—and the remark-

able part of it is, that without a single apparent qualification for statesmanship, he actually set out to be England's greatest Prime Minister. To accomplish this he realized, first, that he must have money so he joined a brokerage firm, speculated in South American mines and lost heavily. Then he induced Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, to start a newspaper with him. Failure again. He published novels which met with fair success but he could not satisfy his creditors. He began to attract attention by his conspicuous dress. Pale and thin with jet black curls hanging around a delicately refined face and wearing canary colored waistcoats, green velvet trousers, brilliant knee buckles and loaded down with gold chains and finger rings which he often wore on the outside of white kid gloves, he must have presented a peculiar, if picturesque, figure for an Englishman. He changed his name from D'Israeli to Disraeli because it was more English and he became generally called Dizzy which was more English still. He made friends with Bulwer and entered English society through him. As it was the fashion of the day for prominent men to have mistresses, he got him a mistress. He was always a favorite with the ladies.

Having dismally failed several times in running for Parliament he was elected at last on a

joint ticket with Wyndham Lewis. Mrs. Lewis (Mary Anne) put this scheme through. Shortly afterward Lewis died and Disraeli wrote such a fine letter of commiseration to Mary Anne that she married him in less than a year. If there is any such thing as a love match, this certainly has the semblance of being one. Mary Anne was thirteen years his senior and years later when she was an aged lady of seventy-seven he wrote her a love note in which he told her she was more like a mistress to him than a wife. Disraeli was a rare diplomat!

Entering Parliament, his maiden speech was a failure. In fact because of jeers and cat-calls he was unable to make it. But he waited with face and demeanor apparently unperturbed and soon the house was waiting to hear his slow, controlled voice as he nonchalantly emitted epigram, apt illustration, sarcasm and wit. He was different. The monotony of dull or stormy, ornate oratory was relieved when Disraeli spoke. He had supported Sir Robert Peel faithfully and effectively but when Peel was made Prime Minister he chose not to include Disraeli in his ministry. Abiding his time, one fine day when Peel, who wished to conciliate and lead all parties, gave an opening to be charged with being a turncoat, Disraeli, the David, slew Peel, the Goliath, with a neat and brilliant little

speech hurled at the proper moment and directed at the right spot. And then in his path loomed another giant—Gladstone.

Gladstone, the typical English landholder, the Puritan and moralist, the Oxford man, the powerful orator, the strong man of the political show, how was he to be met?

Disraeli in the middle of the session of Parliament went to Paris.

In Paris Disraeli was received by nobility and royalty. This strengthened his social position. But he, too, must be an English landholder. Soon after he came to this conclusion he bought Hughenden, a beautiful English estate. Now surely he was an English gentleman! But Gladstone was in the saddle and Disraeli had no party with which to unhorse him. How about appealing to Young England? No sooner thought than he made friends with young Smythe and young Manners and they three soon annexed Stanley, afterward Lord Derby. Disraeli courted Bentinck, a man who said he did not have much learning but that he knew horses and that he knew men, and he told the truth. This group arose to power and at last Stanley was Prime Minister. Disraeli—Lord save the mark!—was made Chancellor of the Exchecquer. Soon Gladstone overthrew the ministry and the battle waged back and forth until Stanley,

now Lord Derby, was again Prime Minister. Derby's health failing, Disraeli at the age of sixty-three succeeded him. Gladstone, in a rage, made a speech in which it looked as if Disraeli would be crushed, but in his peroration Gladstone so pounded the table as to throw everything upon it into disorder. Disraeli came slowly to his feet, referred quietly to the eloquent violence and frenzy of the honorable gentleman and deliberately replaced the scattered books, papers and pens in their proper places and remarked, "but the damage is soon repaired." The fatal blow had glanced. The rapier had parried the bludgeon.

The queen leaned on the wise old Disraeli and he became her dear friend. He showed her how to keep Ireland quiet. He extended her colonies. He borrowed four million pounds, in thirty minutes, from the Rothschilds, to finance the Suez Canal. He made her Empress of India. He outwitted Bismark for her. She, in turn, wished to make him Lord Beaconsfield but he, deeming the time not propitious, had his wife made a lady but postponed the honor of Lordship for himself. She desired to make him Knight of the Garter but he also had this postponed.

Toward the last Gladstone was again in the saddle but there was no battle now. Disraeli retired to Hughenden loved by his queen, enshrined

in the imagination and in the hearts of the English people. Dressing in crimson velvet robes and decorating his rooms with flowers, and with primroses from his queen, this old statesman, withering and dying, still at times gave sage advice or spoke his witty epigrams.

Disraeli died understanding every man in England except Gladstone and Gladstone lived on understanding no one but Gladstone and never being able to have the faintest conception of Disraeli. How can glinting gold understand the worth of sterling silver or sterling silver understand the value of high-karated gold?

## CHAPTER XXVII

# Dealing in Personalities

FIVE hundred years hence probably the only individuals now living upon the earth whose names will have a chance to be known to the well-informed are Einstein, Marconi and James Branch Cabell. There is no chance for these men, or any others that we now recognize, to be known in the future to the masses. The three men mentioned are not an excessively small number of those whose reputations may last, for the geniuses and the very illustrious have always been few in number. Cattel in selecting the great men of the world of all time picked only one thousand and among them are many whose names are not familiar even to the fairly well-informed of today.

It may be that modern life with its conveniences, its plush luxuries, its standardization, its hurry and bustle, its materialism and its superficial and scattered acquisition of knowledge will limit the production of greatness and genius in the older, civilized countries, but it is likely that the opening up of Africa, the rebirth of Asia and the advance of South America will be productive of an in-

crease, both among the natives and the colonizers, of individuals of higher mentality. What is lacking in the countries of more developed civilization, especially in America, is time and opportunity for thought, contemplation and meditation. We are a people of rapid decision, quick action and large but inferior production. Great and lasting achievement must be backed by deep thought and arduous labor; neither without the other is sufficient nor, indeed, are both unless there is also present a third element which we may term *endowed ability of expression.* When we consider that the mental age of the average American male between the physical ages of eighteen and forty-five is only thirteen years and that of other civilized countries approximately the same, we arrive at the conclusion that great mentalities are very exceptional and that the appreciation by the average individual of the higher things must, of necessity, be quite limited. We have failed to realize that a great poet is worth more to a community, and to the world, than a hundred factories, or that a fine artist is more to be desired than a dozen large hotels, or that a few examples of real art give more enduring pleasure than all the moving pictures and vaudeville performances a community can support.

The expression of genius is not constant in an

individual—it comes and goes. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Michelangelo did some unworthy work. Shelley, Goethe, and Poe wrote some miserable things and, at times, great composers have wandered far from harmony. Others, still, appear only to express their highest qualities through one division of their medium and one thinks, for instance, in the art of painting, of Corot's landscapes, of Millet's peasants, of Landseer's animals, of Greuze's child heads and of Turner's ships at sea. But regardless of the amount or general quality of production, if a man plays once a heavenly chord, if he paints one picture with a brush inspired, if he writes one superpoem, if he has one immaculate conception which he delivers endowed with life, he is a genius. For the stuff that genius is made of is star dust and dross cannot produce its sheen.

Like the false prophets, many pseudo-geniuses and near-geniuses have arisen. Pope with his polished verse was a pseudo-genius and deceived many. The accidental discoveries in science—a lid bumping up and down on a boiling kettle, an apple falling to the ground, a belief that India lay across the ocean, led to great results but the elaborations of these things did not make their discoverers geniuses. Some trick or circumstance or capacity has come to the hand of an artisan or of a minor

artist which, unless it is apprehended, tends to put the possessor in the class of the genius. Murillo had a blue color which made him famous, Walt Whitman had a crudity of free verse which startled and shone but did not grip the soul, Voltaire had a keen mental edge with which he cut his name unwantonly high up on the scroll of fame and William J. Bryan had a tongue with which he could roll a choice phrase in his capacious mouth, but none of these men were geniuses.

Thomas Jefferson is frequently called a genius, —a multiple genius at that,—but he was no genius at all. He was the greatest adapter that ever lived. He adapted the Declaration of Independence from the Virginia Bill of Rights. He adapted his ideas of religious freedom from an amendment to the Bill of Rights proposed by James Madison. He adapted his politics from the French Revolution. He adapted the architecture of the State Capitol at Richmond from the Magdaline in Paris, and that of the Rotunda of the University of Virginia from the Pantheon, and he adapted his ideas of the establishment of the University at Charlottesville from suggestions made to him a quarter of a century previous. His usefulness cannot be questioned. His accomplishments made him great. Expediency was Jefferson's god and versatile adaptability his mode of worship.

A near-genius was Benjamin Franklin. Versatile, practical, inventive, bubbling over with wisecracks which were interpreted as philosophy he led a useful and a timely life but his altitude never reached above piedmont heights. It is really a matter of the height of peaks; Goethe and Dante, Chopin and Wagner, Disraeli and Queen Elizabeth, for instance, reaching up into the clouds, and Lessing and Zola, Sullivan and Sousa, Bismarck and Gladstone never rising high enough to become snow-capped.

It is difficult to measure the height to which genius ascends. We have no instruments of precision with which to calculate and our vision is frequently too limited to see much above the timber-line.

Among the philosophers Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus, and Spinoza seem to have reached heights of serenity attempted, but not attained, by the rest of the philosophers. A man may make a discovery or an invention of great usefulness and still not be a genius. These things are rather the logical result of deduction or elaboration. Among these men are Faraday, Claxton, Pasteur, Jenner, Hunter, Morse and Edison. On the other hand Copernicus, Maury and Marconi appear to be scientists who have been able to lift their heads above the clouds. Tennyson and Southey were great poets;

Marlowe and Sheridan were great dramatists; Scott, Thackeray and Dickens were great novelists; Lamb, Carlisle and Emerson were great essayists, but none of these were geniuses. Milton and Omar Khayyam, Moliere and Ibsen, Balzac and Hardy, Dean Swift, Hans Andersen and Lewis Carroll all attained sufficient altitude to raise the question as to whether or not they should be put among the ranks of genius.

François Villon is an example of genius. Although he did obtain a master's degree at the university his life thereafter was marked by street broils, drunkenness, licentiousness and theft, even to the extent of robbing churches. He was accused of at least one murder. For these offenses he suffered arrests and many imprisonments in jail, was several times exiled and once he was sentenced to execution. He lived mostly in the valleys of despond and degradation but he reached a high peak in poetry which has made him immortal. He marked an epoch with a new form of poetry in the introduction of the personal note. This note, even in his humorous poems, was that of melancholy, the kind of melancholy understood by and hence common to the human race. He wrote beautiful verse with an extraordinarily rare intensity of feeling and expression which lifted it on high to such a degree that it is better seen and more

greatly appreciated through the distance of the centuries.

Greatness, as has been said, differs from genius. Great men may be great in one or several or, seldom, in all respects and still may not be geniuses. Rodin was a great sculptor, Cicero a great orator, Wellington a great general, Leskitiski a great music teacher, Rubens a great painter, and so on. Victor Hugo was a great poet and a great novelist, Weir Mitchell was a great physician and a great writer, Andrew Jackson was a great soldier and a great statesman; but Leonardo da Vinci was great in many lines and a genius in most of them and is one of the very few who revealed most of the elements of greatness combined with those of genius.

Of the few men whose lives have been great in practically all of their aspects one thinks of Moses, of Pliny, of Gladstone, of Washington and of Lee. These men reached early and maintained throughout life a high elevation of mind and character. Lee, in spite of his great adversities, furnishes the best example. Lee was, take him by and large, one of the greatest men that ever lived. He had no mental aberrations. He met every obligation, every duty, every requirement, every vicissitude of life with as high an intelligence, with as noble a spirit, in as free a manner as

was humanly possible. He had all of the better attributes of manhood. Lee is the world's most ideal soldier. He rises beyond criticism and above reproach. He has become the pride of the Anglo-Saxon race. He has gained the admiration of the world. He has so impressed his erstwhile enemies that one of his greatest eulogies and one of his best biographies, both written within sixty years after his death, have come out of New England.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

# Discussing Personality

DEALING in personalities in particular resolves itself into, more or less, a matter of opinion based upon evidence while discussing personality in general is a matter of classification based upon observation.

There are as many personalities in the world as there are individuals and, still, personalities, like diseases, group themselves into various classes. Dr. Will Mayo once said that diseases might be divided into three classes, every-day diseases, Sunday diseases and Christmas diseases. This is also true of personalities.

Certain causes give a large number of similar personality effects. After every war there appear, in rather large numbers, perfectly healthy professional veterans who have the common characteristics of repugnance to work, willingness to be supported by the female members of the family, physical laziness except in parades, mental inertia save in telling war stories, and an inclination to borrow with a disinclination to return. Most of

these veterans appear to have had exceptionally good war records!

To another personality group belong the inadequacy compensators—the physicians who wear professional airs and Van Dyke beards; the lawyers who wear cut-aways and carry around legal documents and books; the clergy who button their collars in the back and fold their hands across their fronts; the politicians who have too long back hair and too heavy watch-chains; and the scholars who affect large celluloid-rimmed spectacles and soiled suits of clothes. All of these have, at least, sense enough to recognize their inferiority in their chosen professions and they compensate with themselves and frequently fool the public in their endeavor, at any rate, to look the part. Women who over-use cosmetics, who dress in the extremes of fashion or who bedeck themselves with jewels realize their deficiency in personal appearance or attractions, or in both, and thus compensate to gain the attention they crave.

And then there are the doubledealers, the men and women who express opinions quite opposite to their beliefs for the novelty or applause they create, and the egotistical but meek, the brusque though bashful, the obsequiously polite, the pious rascal, the demurely unvirtuous, the parvenue so-

ciety woman, and the blondined brunette, all endeavoring to seem what they are not.

But why waste more time on the everyday varieties?

Among the Sunday personalities are the dual personalities in which condition the individual in one state does not appreciate, or knows only vaguely of, himself in his other personality. There are many examples in literature of this condition, the most familiar of which is, of course, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde but others have made a stab, and a very ineffectual stab as a rule, at describing this condition in connection with amnesia or some other supposedly psychological state accompanied by a complete change of personality following an illness or a blow upon the head. Our normal state is one of two or more fused personalities which interlock and interact. We start to do one thing at the instigation of one personality and we usually end by some sort of compromise. In a person with a dual personality however, one of the personalities becomes dominant for a time and excludes the injection of the other personality to so great an extent that remembrance is not carried over from one to the other.

Certain other groups of personalities are well known to physicians, but usually their significance is not appreciated by the laity. Among them are

those types which tend toward some of the classified mental abnormality states. Insanity, it should be remembered, is not separated from sanity except in the degree of its manifestations.

A man who may think at one moment that he is Napoleon and at another that he is George Washington, whose attention cannot be sustained, who has a rapid flight of ideas, who is wild, noisy, destructive, violent, and unmanageable is easily recognized, even by the uninitiated, as a maniac, but they rarely recognize that the man who is excessively talkative, easily excited, manneristic, interested in every subject, the man to whom obstacles make but little difference, who does not tire, whose mind is bright and active, and who may be very successful because he is willing to tackle any proposition with energy (many of them are Babbitts) may have a mild state of mania. This exalted personality may remain as it is or the individual's symptoms may become accentuated into mania or he may undergo a marked personality change and sink into a state of melancholia.

The state of insane melancholia is shown by delusions of unworthiness, of being a lost soul, of having committed the unpardonable sin—whatever that is—and by psychomotor retardation in which the subject may sit with bowed head and experience profound depression of spirits. The

dissatisfied, the grumbling, the unhappy, the brooders, the indecisive, the restless and the agitated may represent in their personalities a mild state of melancholia. Just as a maniac may change type and go into a state of melancholia so may the individual with melancholia change into the reverse state of mania. The cause of these tremendous reversions of personality types in mania and melancholia is among those things in medicine which are still not understood.

Somewhat related to these exalted and depressed states are the extraverted and the introverted types of personality. The extravert is expressive, makes quick decisions and snap judgments, reverses his opinions without giving reasons, brushes aside arguments and ignores criticism or resents it on the moment. The introvert weighs and mulls over his decisions, is introspective, tries to justify beforehand his prospective actions and is sensitive and egocentric. Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, comparing Roosevelt and Wilson in 1919 is worth quoting here: "Roosevelt is obviously the extravert of an extreme type, highly successful in action with responsive feelings and a keen sense of events and situations—a man who can pick men—a man who makes warm friends and strong enemies, and who sways people by his emotional appeal. However, if his thought is ex-

amined, it will be found to follow action rather than precede it. It is conventional and lacking in originality, is usually made over from ideas and thoughts of others, and he can quickly reverse himself when the occasion demands. President Wilson on the other hand is an introvert. He is a student and thinker, slow to action, with a policy called watchful waiting; that is of thinking well over a matter before acting—of trying to understand all the causes and processes of problems. He can construct a political philosophy, or build up a religious international vision of the world. He refers to himself as having a single-track mind. . . . His weakness lies in the realm of feeling and action. He has often, it would seem, been mistaken in his judgment of men, and in the field of action his retardation has frequently brought forth criticism from his most ardent admirers."

Dementia præcox is a constitutionally insane state the manifestations of which become sufficiently pronounced to be recognized during or shortly after adolescence. Mental deterioration usually progresses to incurability and early death. Certain cases do not progress to the developed state of real insanity and they are spoken of as præcoid. As children, the præcoid personalities are frequently bright at school, pets of the teachers and spoiled at home. Some of them are shy and

most of them are unsociable with other children preferring the society of their elders or to be alone and they rarely enter into outdoor games. They frequently pick up undesirable habits. As they grow older they are undemonstrative, unaffectionate and lack normal responses and emotions although they may exhibit silly and unnecessary laughter and have spells of unreasonable temper. They stand teasing poorly and do not enter into the routine life and duties of the home and of society. They may become slovenly or odd in dress and as a rule they do not care for younger children. Mentally they may be fanciful, abstracted, illogical, they may have bizarre reformationist ideas but they are usually unmoral both in thought and conduct. Some of them, like Shelley, and Joan of Arc, have hallucinations and delusions and like these two, very occasionally, they are capable of great mental flights or great deeds.

Very different is the paranoid personality which is an undeveloped state of the insane disease paranoia. The true paranoiac progresses through stages of suspicion and persecutory delusions, which become systematized to involve important personages and organizations often leading to violent actions, to ideas of divine endowment sometimes shown in religious cult formation and winds up in old age, not infrequently, a harmless and

self-decorative individual. In another type of the less pronounced state of paranoid personality the individual is if I may use the word, cantankerous. He is quarrelsome and carries a grievance which he airs in gossip, in accusations or in legal suits. He has an exaggerated ego, is often braggadocio and verbose and very rarely he becomes a leader, as did Julius Cæsar. In old age he is liable to become discursively chatty, conceited, overdressed and harmless.

The ductless glands in over-function or in under-function give peculiar types of personality. The giant whose giantism is due to over-action of the pituitary gland may appear powerful and ferocious but he is usually not particularly strong and is kindly and benign. Those who are tremendously fat from under-pituitary-gland secretion are notoriously good-natured and jolly. Those with an under-secretion of the thyroid gland are usually slow, stout, dull and phlegmatic while those who have an over-secretion of the thyroid gland are thin, alert, nervous and irritable. In individuals who have ductless-gland disturbance not one but several or all of the glands are changed in function and the picture frequently becomes complicated.

There are many other types of Sunday personalities but these are sufficient for illustration.

The fact remains, however, that those writers and illustrators who attempt to depict human characters should study the mental reactions and diseases which enter into personality make-up of the subject just as carefully as the older sculptors and painters—the masters—studied anatomy. Some authors like Shakespeare and Dickens and some artists like Hogarth and Cruikshank knew these things intuitively but the ignorance of others, even those who, for one reason or another, are well known, is a sad commentary.

But what of the Christmas personalities? To this division belong those few choice spirits who transcend accurate interpretation and who stand out as distinct and individual as the Christmas tree, illumined, tinseled, decorated, evergreen and withal symbolic of the mysteries of creation! They deserve to be, and some of them have been treated as individual characters in this book.

## CHAPTER XXIX

# The Gift of Genius

GENIUS is, greatly, a loosely-used term. It is frequently applied to anyone who seems to have an aptitude for some particular thing or to one who happens to have gained recognition, deservedly or not, in any special line of endeavor. Thus it has been applied, indiscriminately, to successful artisans, to business men, to financiers, to soldiers and to professional men. But, in truth, genius is of rare occurrence and the term belongs only to the superenvisioned and to the superendowed. Genius is much more rare than greatness. It is safe to estimate that of the well-known men of the world, genius forms no more than one two-hundredth of one per cent, and of even the very illustrious not more than one-tenth of one per cent. These figures are, of course, simply approximate, for what constitutes genius is in the mind of the contemplator.

Those who possess genius are, as a rule, impractical and frequently cannot make the adjustments necessary to keep body and soul together—in fact the body and the soul of a genius are things

apart. No laws of heredity produce genius and a genius is so constituted that he rarely leaves descendants—when he does his progeny do not inherit his genius. Environment, as we have seen, has but little, if any, effect on creative instinct and at most, can only color in great dilution the output of a genius, for genius transcends environment. The personality of the genius is frequently unsocial and at times anti-social. He is so constituted that he cannot follow the dogma, the conventions and the laws of his fellow man and he conforms but poorly to customs and usages. Genius meditates and out of his meditations come idealizations and creations which he must interpret as best he may through the medium of which he is a master. This interpretation he does for his own spiritual and emotional gratification and satisfaction rather than for money, or for fame, or, purposely, for the benefit of the species. If these things come to him they are merely incidental and he rarely if ever knows what is best to do with the rewards of his genius.

Illness does not produce genius but it has frequently hampered it, and the same may be said of drugs. Death usually comes early to geniuses. Many have died in their twenties and it is an exception rather than the rule when a genius lives to be over forty years of age. A few have been

recognized as geniuses who have died in their teens—Chatterton for instance. Poor in their hygiene, irregular in their habits and exhausting themselves during their creative periods they have played havoc with their physical constitutions. Few greater services may be rendered to the individual or to the world at large than the performance of the physical care-taking of genius, but it must be so performed that it does not interfere with the expression of genius. Geniuses frequently do not marry and when they do they usually marry inadvisedly and unhappily. Thus the comfort and order of home life is denied them. The love affairs of a genius are chiefly sublimations of some idealized love.

The equality of bisexuality is often more nearly approximated by the genius than by the average run of individuals and hence the appeal of genius is apt to be made more universal. The conduct of the genius is likely to be irregular and should not be judged by the standards of his average brother. The æsthetic sense of the genius, in many respects, is highly developed. Genius sees with eyes we see not with and hears when we are deaf. The inward and unexpressed thoughts of genius are beyond our wildest imaginings. The expressed thoughts of genius must only be symbols from a vast treasure field of concepts.

The nervous and mental makeup of the genius cannot be tested or charted, nor can he be easily psychoanalyzed. The mental mechanisms of genius are exceedingly difficult to understand. The genius is sensitive to all kinds of stimuli and as emotionally responsive as a child. He may suffer intensely, he may be subject to periods of despondency bordering upon melancholia and he may have mental aberrations and eccentricities reaching toward forms of the various psychoses but he retains two abilities—his mental ability to escape to creative realms of his own and his ability to interpret these creations through some high mode of expression.

It is of no purpose to envy genius, for rivalry is out of the question; we cannot condemn genius for we have not the divine prerogative; because of our own lack of comprehension we need not apologize for genius. It is but left for us to admire genius and be lifted, momentarily though it may be, to those heights from which we may get a glimpse into that higher level of life which lies beyond.

*Genius knows not time, nor order, nor circumstance. Genius burns its candle at both ends. Genius, in order to create, creates itself; it subjugates, crushes, consumes other faculties. The only reward of genius is genius alone, indestructible,*

*without heredity, without environment, without convention, inexplicable. Like radium, genius feeds upon itself interminably and emanates from itself unendingly, and, withal, it is so luminous that we must dim our eyes to behold it, or else we lose our sight.*

FINIS